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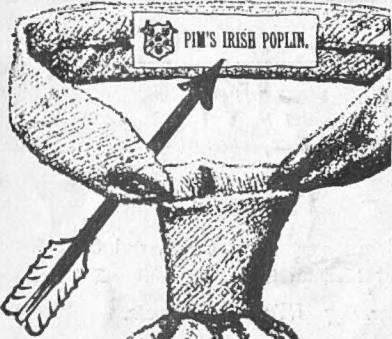
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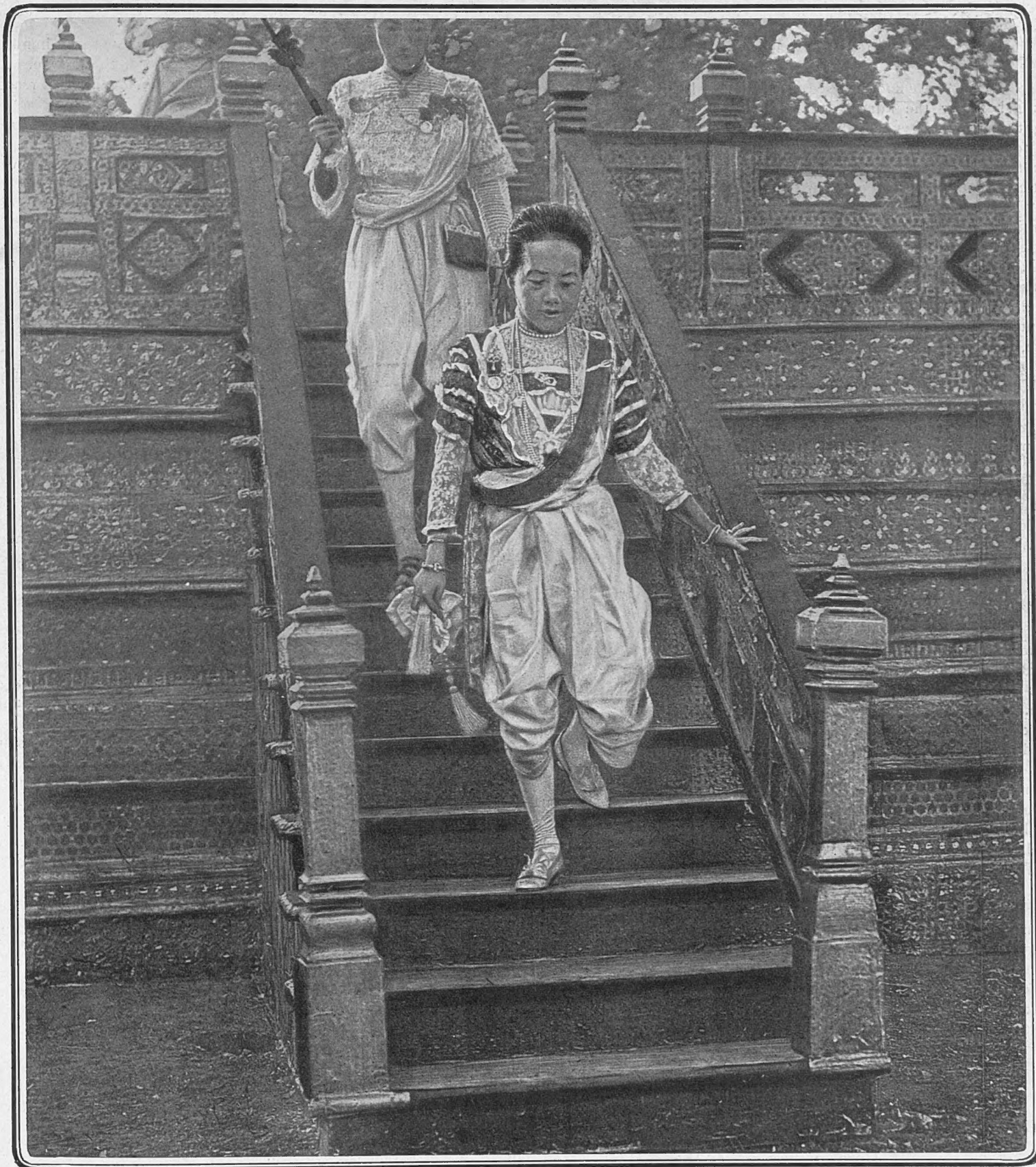
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No. 989.—Vol. LXXVII.

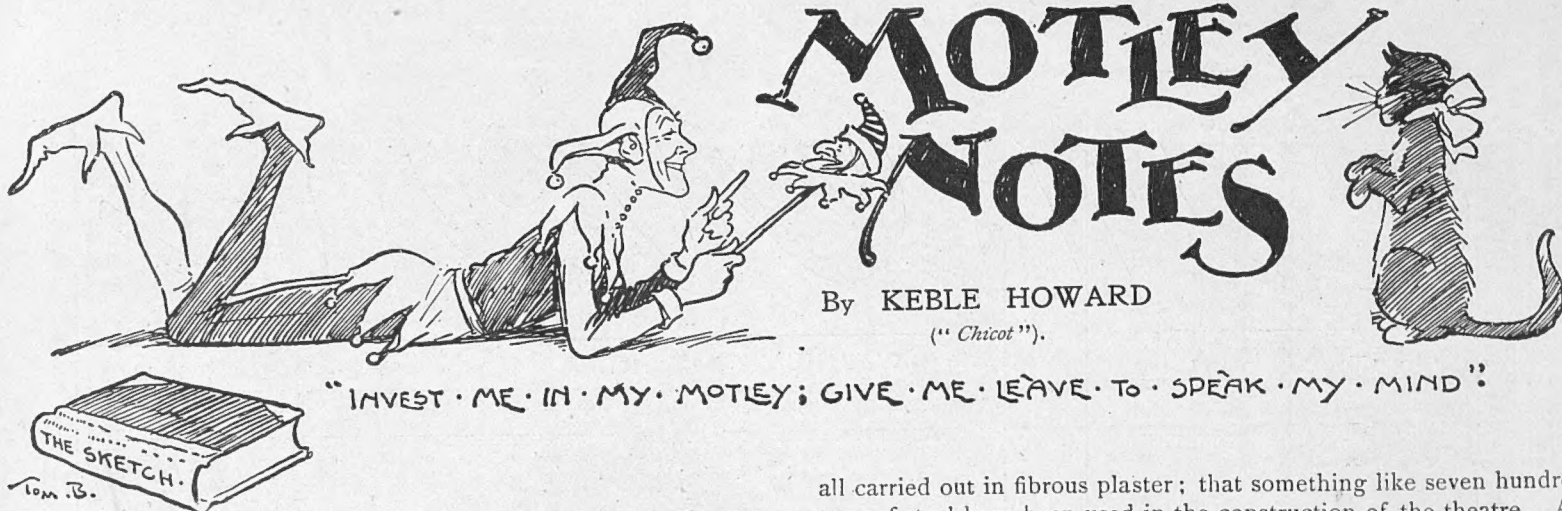
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



THE MOTHER OF THE OXFORD MAN WHO IS KING OF SIAM: THE QUEEN DOWAGER AT THE CORONATION OF KING VAJIRAVUDH, AT BANGKOK—IN TROUSERS-LIKE SKIRT.

This photograph of the Queen Dowager of Siam is of especial interest at the moment, not only because her Majesty is, as it were, a link between the old Siam and the new, but from the fact that her name has just been in most of the English papers in connection with the arrest of a man alleged to have been concerned in receiving £10,000 worth of jewels, which were stolen while on their way to her in 1909. A box containing a perfectly matched string of pearls, with some other gems, was sent from London addressed to her at Bangkok. It was guarded with extreme care, and when it was delivered, was apparently as it had been when dispatched; but its contents were missing. From that moment until about two weeks ago nothing was heard of the missing jewels; then came news that an attempt had been made to dispose of some of them. The King of Siam received a European education in his own country, and also studied at Sandhurst and at Christ Church, Oxford.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



Flight! The winds howled, the rains came, and the floods descended! Phew! How the winds howled! How the rains drenched! How the floods swirled! Night after night, I expected my cottage to be picked up and blown out to sea. My dog must have expected something of the same sort, for he refused food, and could not sleep even upon my own particular couch with my own particular rug thrown over it.

"Never mind!" I said cheerily. "When we wake in the morning, the sun will be shining, the birds singing, and all the black clouds rolled away to the horizon!"

It never happened. At least, if it did happen, the whole thing was so quick that I missed it. Morning after morning, I awoke to a dull, grey, dripping, dismal, depressing world. This was the country at its worst. The novelty of the Yule log had worn off. True, it was cosy indoors; but this was a cosiness to which one had grown more than accustomed.

Then the impulse seized me. Impulses seize me at all sorts of inconvenient times. This one seized me after dinner.

"Come!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Enough of this! We will go to London, and plunge into the lights and the gaiety!"

"At this time of night?" I was asked.

"Yes—at this very moment! Twenty minutes to pack, fifty minutes in the train, and there we are! Let us flee this rain-sodden scene!"

We fled.

A Week in London.

I started my week of London that very night by going to the club. I have two clubs that I use regularly, one before dinner and the other after dinner. In the Pre-prandial Club nobody speaks to anybody. (That is rather an exaggeration, but you will pardon it.) In the Post-prandial Club everybody speaks to everybody. This takes time. I did not grudge the time—not a moment of it. I don't think anyone ranks London quite so highly as the hardened Londoner who has been living for a time in the country and suddenly returns to London. If he happens to return on a cold and rainy night in the neighbourhood of Christmas, his heart should expand to an enormous size. A grand town to visit is this wonderful, loving and hating, hateful and lovable, good, wicked, kind, cruel, sweet old London!

The next night, of course, I went to the Play. I am passionately fond of the Play, the playhouse, and all that therein is; but I was not happy at this play. Alas! masters, the story was borrowed (from one who could ill afford to lend), and two of the principal characters were also borrowed. The whole thing reminded me of a Christmas charade, when we all steal somebody else's clothes and dress up in them. But herein lies the difference: you borrow frankly for the Christmas charade—you borrow and you return. I felt that this borrower would neither make return nor thank the lender. Well, and what then?

He has his reward.

The London Opera House.

On the third night I went, for the first time, to the London Opera House.

How do these things happen? You walk down Kingsway, and there is no Opera House; you walk back again, and there stands a Palace of Music. I speak as an ordinary person. Mr. Hammerstein tells me, in a charming booklet that conceals the programme, that the style of architecture is modern French Renaissance; that the Entrance Hall is in the French Corinthian style, with columns, panelled walls, and coffered ceiling,

all carried out in fibrous plaster; that something like seven hundred tons of steel have been used in the construction of the theatre. All these things, I have no doubt, are so. There is not the least reason to doubt them. But they leave me cold.

What does astonish me is that a man should come from a country three thousand miles away, quietly run up a place like the London Opera House, and sail away again without saying very much about it.

"Tales of Hoffmann," still speaking as an ordinary person, disappointed me. I consider that Hoffmann deserved no sympathy. I was sorry about Antonia, but the man had alienated me by his foolishness in the cases of Olympia and Giulietta. The thing that lingers in my memory, and will long linger there, is the playing of the "Barcarolle" with the curtain down and the lights lowered. The audience were as still as death. They were right.

"London Demands a Battle-ship."

On the following afternoon, just as I was about to sit down to a late lunch, came a beating of drums and the blare of trumpets. Since my windows overlook Northumberland Avenue, I am quite accustomed to processions of demonstration, but this one proved to be of unusual interest. It was composed of the men and boys connected with the Thames Ironworks. Having been present at the launch of the *Thunderer*, I felt that I knew these fellows.

The most pathetic banner was the one carried by the detachment of boys. It read, as nearly as I can remember—

IF YOU WON'T LET OUR FATHERS
BUILD A BATTLE-SHIP,
WE WON'T JOIN THE NAVY.

I was in time to hear something of the speeches, and to see Mr. Arnold Hills, the dauntless chief, wheeled away from Trafalgar Square in his invalid chair, a big crowd of adoring workmen surrounding him.

In the evening it was my privilege to visit the Shaftesbury Theatre and witness "The Mousmé." It is some years since Miss Florence Smithson sprang into fame, and I raved about her in the columns of a contemporary. Her top note is as amazing as ever, and her acting has vastly improved. Miss Cicely Courtneidge is coming on apace, and the setting and handling of the stage crowds are worthy of the producer of "The Arcadians."

Coal Wanted.

I find that I am nearly at the end of my space, and have still to tell you of New Year's Eve, the dainty pantomime at the Wimbledon Theatre, a visit to "The Miracle" at Olympia, and "Kismet."

On New Year's Eve, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I was rung up on the telephone.

"Hullo! Have you any coal?"

"Any what?"

"Any coal."

"Not a scrap. I use gas-fires here. Why? Have you run out?"

"No, but you'll have to be our 'first foot' to-night, and you must bring four pieces of coal with you. Leave them outside the house, and bring them in at twelve o'clock. See?"

"Right. I'll do my best."

It is not very easy to secure four pieces of coal on a Sunday afternoon in London. I could have gone to the club for the stuff, but the porter would have written me off the list as mad. The coal-merchants were all closed. However, I borrowed four small pieces, and handed them, with my blessing, to the mistress of the house just after midnight.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS! A LADY GRAND.

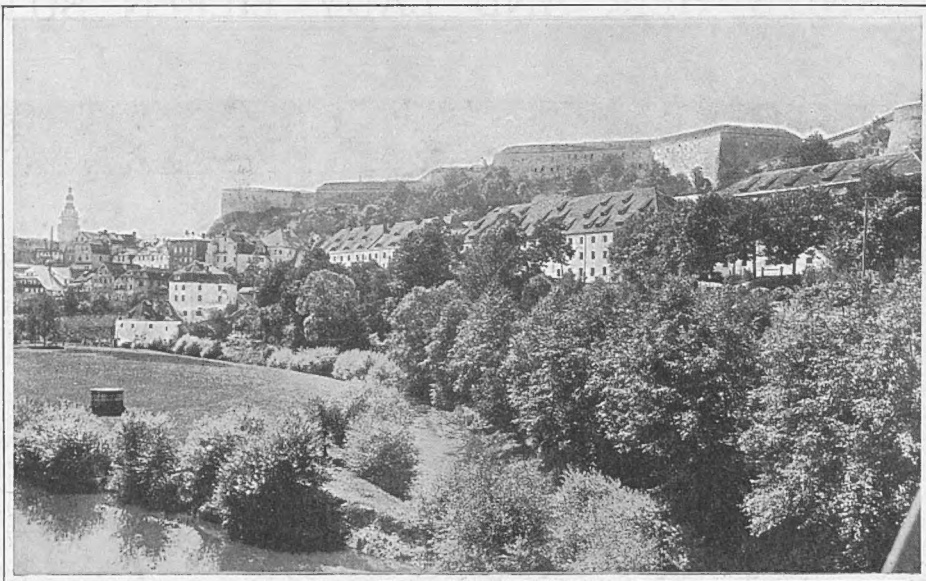


A WOMAN IN THE PIANO CASE: MISS BESSIE CLIFFORD AND MR. JOSEPH SANTLEY
IN "THE NEVER-HOMES."

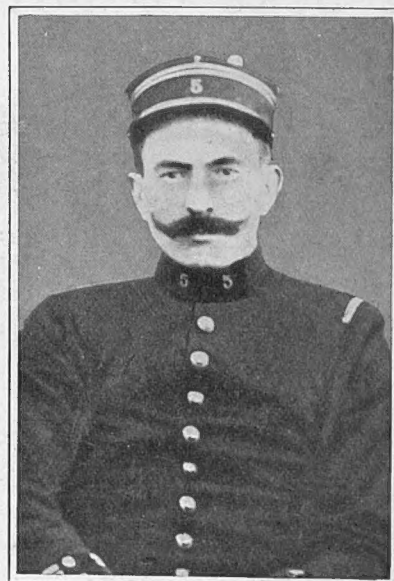
Miss Bessie Clifford, who is almost as petite as she is charming, conceals herself in a grand piano and remains there while Mr. Santley plays the instrument. How the "act" is done is a mystery of the stage. It is seen during the performance of "The Never-Homes," at the Broadway, New York.

Photograph by Hall.

ROMANTIC ESCAPE; GREEK TRAGEDY; WAR IN TRIPOLI.



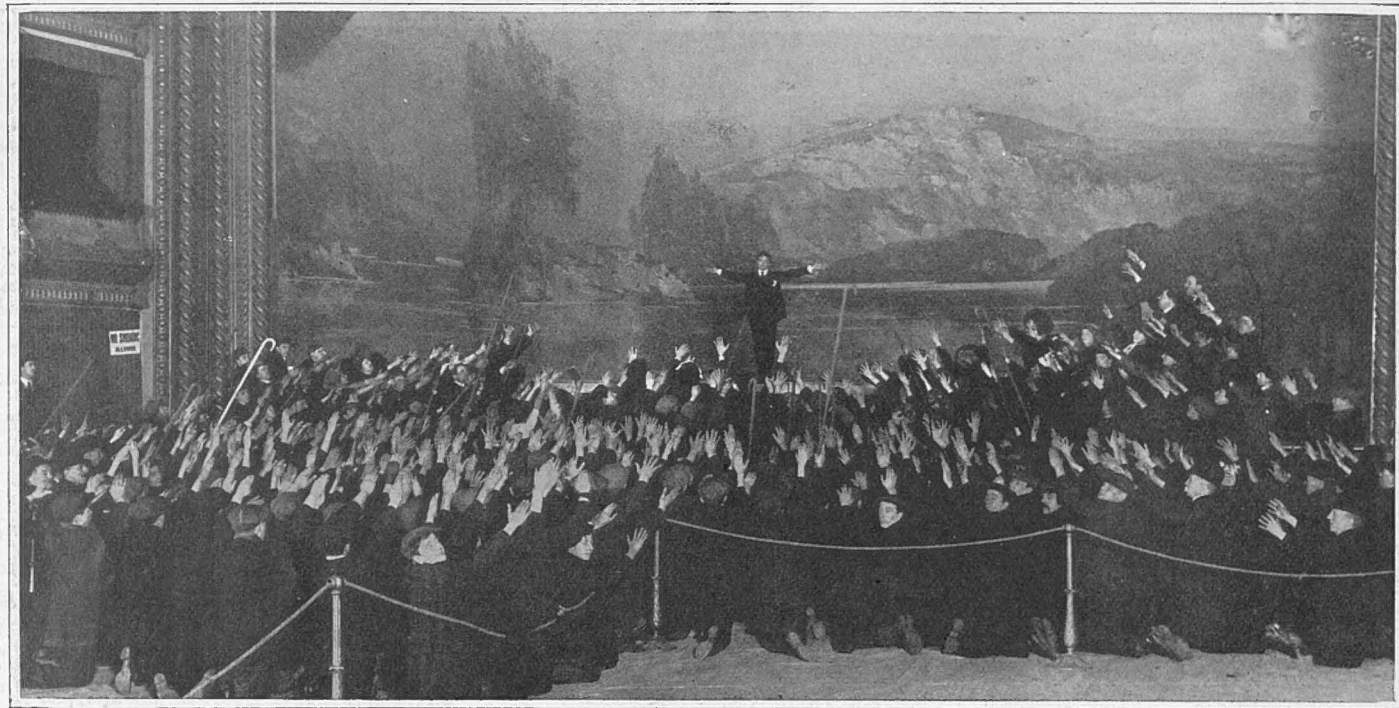
THE GERMAN CITADEL FROM WHICH CAPTAIN LUX, IMPRISONED ON A CHARGE OF BEING A FRENCH SPY, ESCAPED IN ROMANTIC FASHION: THE FORTRESS OF GLATZ.



MAKER OF AN ESCAPE SUGGESTING A STORY BY DUMAS: CAPTAIN LUX.

Captain Lux, who was imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz on a charge of being a French spy, made a remarkable escape recently. For six months or so, he received papers and magazines tied with much waxed cord, and books containing in their binding German marks and fine steel saws; while, by means of invisible ink, plans of escape were suggested to him in letters. Altogether, he received about twenty pounds and four saws. The string was used for making a rope ladder. To make his escape, Captain Lux broke through two doors, filed the iron bars of a window, climbed down his rope ladder into an inner courtyard, climbed a wall into an outer courtyard, got over railings under the nose of the sentry, and so made his way into the open country, where a motor-car was waiting for him. He was, of course, not on parole. It is said that a stricter guard than ever is now being kept on Messrs. Brandon and Trench, who are in the same prison.

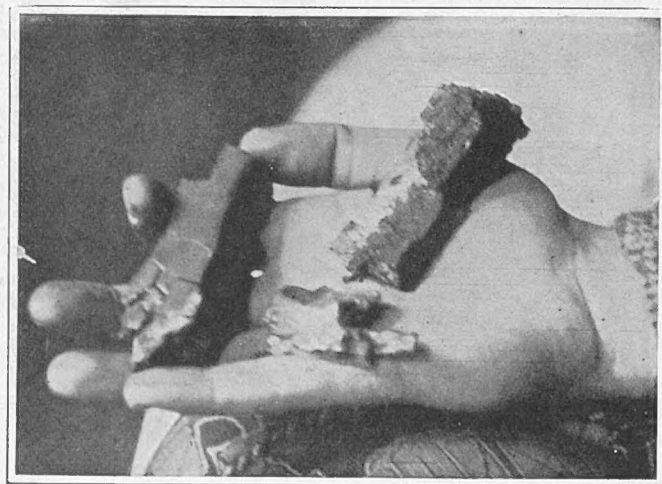
Photographs by G. Haechel and Topical.



"ŒDIPUS REX" AND THE PLAGUE-STRIKEN CROWD: MR. MARTIN HARVEY AT A REHEARSAL OF SOPHOCLES' TRAGEDY.

As all our readers must be aware, Sophocles' tragedy "Œdipus Rex" is to be presented at Covent Garden on the 15th of this month, with Mr. Martin Harvey as the King. Professor Reinhardt, already so well known here for his "Sumurun" and for "The Miracle," is to produce. Rehearsals have been in full swing for some time.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



DROPPED FROM AN ITALIAN ARMY AEROPLANE IN TRIPOLI: FRAGMENTS OF A SHELL.

It will be recalled that, in the early stages of the Turco-Italian War, there came a message from the Turkish headquarters which accused the Italians of atrocities. This was signed Montagu, and it was announced that the sender was Second-Lieutenant Herbert Gerald Montagu. There was a sequel early in December, when there appeared in the "London Gazette" the following notice: "Fifth Battalion the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), the appointment of Herbert Gerald Montagu to a second lieutenancy (on probation), which appeared in the 'Gazette' of April 7, 1911, is cancelled." Mr. Montagu, who during his stay with the Turks was exceedingly ill with dysentery, is now in England again, and it is said that he will have more to say about the war. These photographs were both taken at Mr. Montagu's father's house at Hampstead.—[Photographs by C. N. and Illustrations Bureau.]



ACCUSER OF THE ITALIANS IN TRIPOLI OF ATROCITIES: MR. HERBERT G. MONTAGU (ON THE LEFT) AT HAMPSTEAD.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S HEIR AND LADY EILEEN BUTLER.



LADY EILEEN BUTLER, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LANESBOROUGH, AND THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD, ELDER SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED ON MONDAY (THE 8TH).

It is understood that the wedding of the Marquess of Stafford and Lady Eileen Butler will take place in London in April. The Duke of Sutherland's heir, who was twenty-three last August, is a Captain in the 5th (Sutherlandshire and Caithness) Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, and is Chairman of the Sutherlandshire Territorial Force Association. At the last General Election he stood as Liberal Unionist candidate for Sutherlandshire, but was defeated. At the Coronation of King Edward VII., he was one of the pages chosen to bear the train of Queen Alexandra, and it is interesting to note in this connection that his fiancée was one of Queen Mary's train-bearers at the Coronation of last June. Lady Eileen Butler was twenty last November. She is known as a very excellent skater.—[Photographs by Thomson and Langfer.]

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WERNER LAURIE. Stories in Grey. Barry Pain. 6s.	WIELAND. The Whirlpool. Ethel Archer. 2s. net.
HAM-SMITH. Nights at the Play. H. M. Walbrook. 5s. net.	WARD, LOCK. An Episode. Henry Llewellyn Johnson. 2s.
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LONGMANS. A Yachtswoman's Cruises. Maude Speed. 6s.	HEINEMANN. Great Engravers: Francisco Goya. Van Dyck. Edited by Arthur M. Hind. 2s. 6d. each. The War God. Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d.

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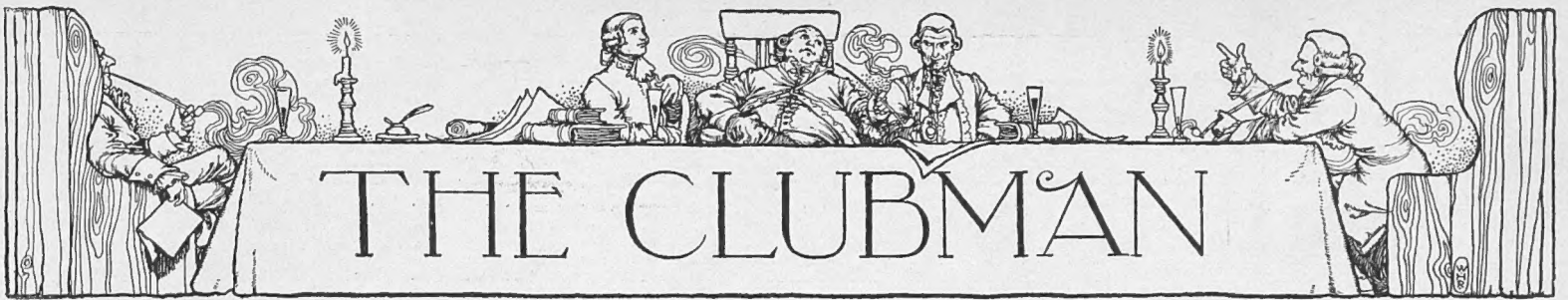
THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE other day I had occasion to congratulate a friend in the North-country on the excellence of his partridges, which have achieved some local celebrity on account both of their quantity and their quality, and I asked him how he had contrived to keep the birds so well round him in a part where occasional migrations are quite common among the birds at certain seasons in early winter. These movements—of which, by the way, we know very little—are undoubtedly due to the desire for a change of diet, or for the sake of an improved food-supply. My friend told me that he has for some years past been in the habit of feeding his partridges as regularly as the hand-reared pheasants and wild duck are fed, though at a much smaller cost. Tailings from the mill near by supply all the necessary food. I may say that the land is rough and hilly, with very little arable, so that the great advantages enjoyed by partridges on land that is regularly under the plough have little or no existence here. But there are a great many fields that are kept for hay and are not very often fed in the winter, so that the grass tends to grow long and, in certain parts, very coarse. The keeper throws several handfuls of tailings into the patches of coarse grass every afternoon, so that the birds have a meal waiting them before they go to roost, or rather, to "jug," and may be seen in the morning scraping among the grass for anything overlooked.

The most obvious disadvantage of this method seemed to me to lie in the fact that other birds besides partridges are pleased, and even anxious, to eat these tailings; and I suggested that not only rooks, but ordinary grain-eating birds must take a heavy toll of the food put down. My friend replied that, as far as his experience went, the amount taken by other birds was not sufficient to prevent the partridges from getting a very good meal. They have the advantage of knowing by experience when the food will be put down and where to look for it; while other grain-eating birds, however keen-eyed they may be, are scattered all over the countryside. Then again—and this is a point not to be overlooked—these birds are not so plentiful in a country where buzzard and carrion-crow, sparrow-hawk, kestrel, and wood-owl are very common, and even the peregrine makes a dreaded appearance from time to time. Much of the woodland is covered with the dark conifers that are not popular with grain-eating birds. The outbuildings of farms are tiled or slated, and thatch is practically unknown, so that they have far less opportunity of multiplying there. Consequently, although the practice of feeding partridges is undoubtedly a very good one, and on lands of scanty arable may do much to save temporary migration, I don't think there is much hope for it in the South. I have tried the same experiment in my own part by putting down rakings on the unploughed, or newly ploughed, fields in the autumn, but sparrows, starlings, and rooks would seem to have had much the best of the deal. A very similar experience resulted when I tried to feed pheasants in a small cover. They were all wild or semi-wild birds, for I rear a brood or two annually under penned pheasants in a run, releasing mother and chicks as soon as the last-named are born. The hen leads her little brood to cover at once, and though, doubtless, some of them are destroyed by vermin and others by parental neglect, the survivors are stronger and better flyers than their hand-reared cousins. When there were a few broods in the cover, I made it a rule to have a long trail of grain put down among the rough grass every evening, in the hope that the young birds would get something to their liking in the very early morning, and for a little while this plan succeeded, attracting both pheasants and partridges. Then the rooks in the valley rookery, more than a mile away, discovered my arrangements, and took so much advantage of them that in the small hours of the morning they were hunting the cover in scores, nor did the prompt sacrifice of a couple and their suspension from conspicuous poles avail to do more than diminish the depredations. Rats, too, were attracted, just as they are in the rides of a big wood where the hand-reared birds are fed regularly, and I was forced to the conclusion that it was better in the long run to leave the birds to fend for themselves, and merely to reduce the vermin as far as possible by a little judicious trapping. Even if the rooks and the rats had not discovered this unexpected source of supply, smaller grain-eating birds would have been safe to find it out, for there are woods and young plantations in the immediate neighbourhood, and the birds that consider the orchard, the garden, or the cover as their legitimate hunting-ground are so numerous that I have seen currant-bushes, left uncovered for twenty-four hours, stripped as cleanly as though a professional picker had been at work.

Time was, of course, when the rooks, at least, did not trouble about grain, and might be regarded as the farmer's friend, but nothing is more remarkable in the history of birds than the change that has come over their feeding habits in the memory of the present generation; and as rooks have multiplied beyond all reasonable limits, they have varied their habits, and for lack of sufficient insect-life have developed a regrettable fondness for grain. The same remark would appear to apply to the black-headed gull, which has hitherto enjoyed a measure of protection not likely to be much further extended. In fact, it has been removed from the protected list of several counties in the north, and others must follow suit ere long.

MARK OVER.



The Return Voyage of the King and Queen.

visit to India has been a triumphal success, and in a letter which has reached me from Delhi the writer, who knows his India thoroughly, tells me that he has never seen natives stirred to such enthusiasm as they have been by the presence in their midst of their Emperor. The native of India does not cheer as Western nations do, but he has learned to applaud by the clapping of hands, while the school-children set up shrill cries which are intended to be hurrahs. Before the King landed, placards were posted in some of the Indian cities, and leaflets strewn about carrying threats that some great evil would befall his Majesty. These, of course, were intended to frighten the officials, but they failed entirely to have that effect. No doubt every possible precaution was taken, but the King at Calcutta seems to have driven about the city as unguarded as though he had been in London.

The Premier City. The ruffled plumes of Calcutta have been smoothed by the assurance that it is, and always will remain, the premier city of India, and if the rumour is correct that Government House will be retained as a residence of the Viceroy, and that the supreme representative of the King in India will spend some weeks during each winter in the premier city, Calcutta will not suffer socially in any way from losing the title of "capital." She will be to Delhi what New York is to Washington, and will have, in addition, a Government House in her midst, which New York cannot boast. It seems only the other day that Calcutta in her pride decided that only statues of Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief should find places on her Maidan. The statues of Lieutenant-Governors were in future to be banished to Dalhousie Square and other great spaces in the city. Whether the comparative obscurity to which the effigies of Lieutenant-Governors were condemned will be the fate of the statues of future Governors Calcutta will have in due time to decide; but her pride now may have been somewhat abated. One result of the Viceroy being

The King-Emperor and the Queen, by the time these lines appear in print, will have concluded their stay in India and will have started on their homeward voyage. Their

make their first entry into the capital. Howrah, the main railway station, is on the other side of the river, and the drive from Howrah across the bridge of boats and through the city is through streets which are, if not exactly slums, not very far removed from that state. Prinsep's Ghaut is about the centre of the Maidan frontage on the river. A flight of stone, or marble, stairs leads down to the water, and there is a permanent little cupola to give shade to people

waiting at the landing-place. The drive from the Ghaut to Government House gives a fine first impression of the city, for across the Maidan—the great plain of grass with its big tanks, which anywhere else would be called small lakes—is the line of the clubs and the merchants' houses and the cathedral on the far side, the buildings which give Calcutta its name of the City of Palaces; and in front are the trees of the Eden Gardens, the forest of masts by the Custom House, and the classic beauties of the façade of Government House.

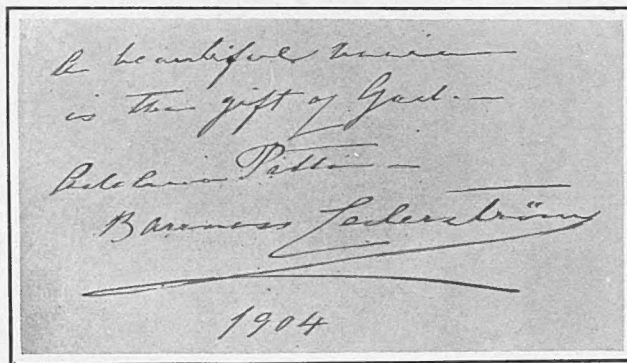
The Abor Expedition.

The little war which has been in progress on one of the borders of India seems about to close without any battle being fought and without any large casualty-list on either side. It has not been any the less successful for not having been very eventful. The Abors believed that their country was impregnable and that their stockades and their chutes of stones would strike terror into any force which tried to make its way through the jungle. Very careful preparation and a great deal of pioneer work made it possible for the British force to move through the jungle; and the Abors found, to their astonishment, that, wherever they had been able to build a stockade or form a chute, the little Ghurkas were able to outflank them. The personnel of the expedition seems to have been in the highest of spirits throughout. The Nagas, the naked savages who acted as carriers, were disappointed that they were not allowed to go out head-hunting when there was so much promising material for their national sport in their neighbourhood, but made up for this disappointment by always shouting at the top of their voices while on the march. Every village but one implicated in the murder to avenge which the expedition was sent has been visited, and the head-men responsible for the outrage have been fined.

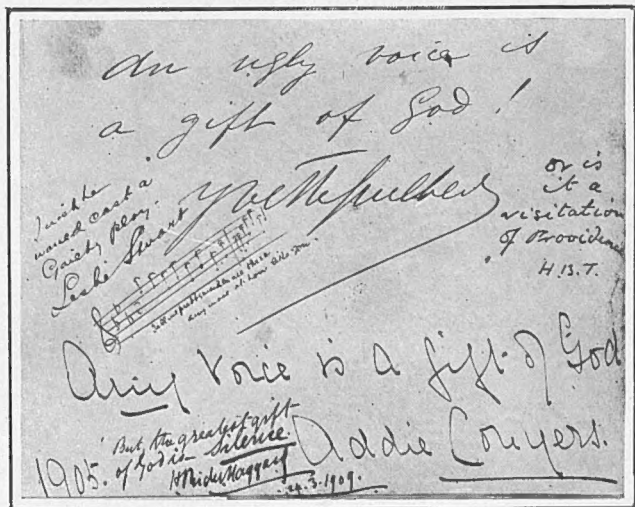


LIKE CARUSO: SIGNOR ARNOLFO BORIANI—A CARICATURE BY "SPY."

Signor Boriani was born at Acqui, in Piedmont, famous since Roman times for its mineral springs.



MADAME PATTI'S QUOTATION: "A BEAUTIFUL VOICE IS THE GIFT OF GOD."



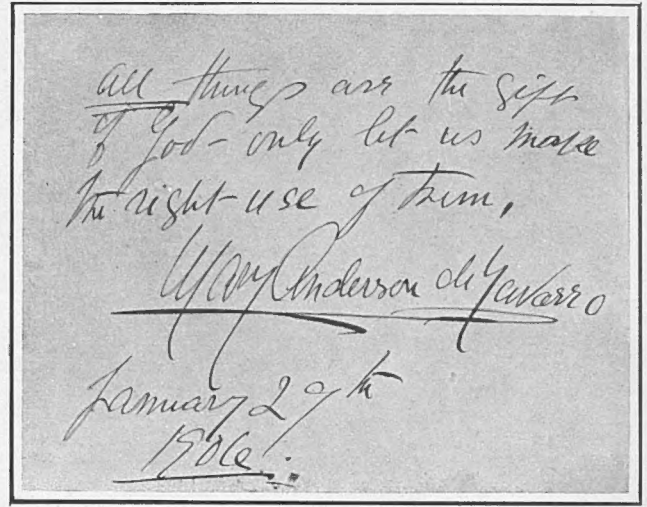
MORE ABOUT VOICES: EXTRACTS FROM THE BORIANI ALBUM.

It will be remarked that the first of these two extracts includes autographs and comments by those well-known people Mme. Yvette Guilbert, Mr. Leslie Stuart, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and Sir H. Rider Haggard; while the second shows the contribution of Miss Mary Anderson, otherwise—

obliged to keep up residences at Simla, Delhi, and Calcutta will be an increase in the expenses of that high position.

A PATTI QUOTATION AND SOME SEQUELS: EXTRACTS FROM SIGNOR BORIANI'S AUTOGRAPH-BOOK.

The landing of the King from a launch at Prinsep's Ghaut was in accordance with all Calcutta etiquette. It is the place at which incoming Viceroys are always received when they



STILL MORE ABOUT VOICES: AN EXTRACT FROM THE BORIANI ALBUM.

—Mme. de Navarro. These extracts, as well as the one given above, are from a most interesting autograph-album treasured by Signor Boriani, the genial "host" of the Pall Mall Restaurant, which he left the Carlton to start with M. Deguili. There are scores of other notable entries.



DESPITE a general feeling that, on the whole, the New Year's Honours were not as thrilling as they might have been, a few names carried with them a certain incidental snap of excitement. Nobody who has read it forgets the incident, in one of Sir Rider Haggard's novels, of the Englishman's use of an eclipse of the sun in astonishing the natives. Nature has now, in fact, been on Sir Rider's side, as in fiction it was on his hero's. His knight-hood goes to him on the score, not of romances, but of his attention to Rural Housing and Coast Erosion. Let no one make light of the latter subject. On the day of his knighting Nature celebrated the event, proving that Sir Rider's studies have been to the point. News of the punctual cliff-slide at Dover came to him with the first letters of congratulation. "Even the coast bows to you," wired a friend.

Wedmore v. Whistler. Sir Frederick Wedmore's honour was announced during a little epidemic of private views—the private views at which he is so familiar. With the death of Lady Colin Campbell it was said in some quarters that the glamour of the galleries had departed. She lent a glory to Bond Street and Burlington House that not a dozen Sir Critics can impart. But the art world has still its personalities; and Sir Frederick, no less than Mr. Roger Fry, Lady Ottoline Morrell, Sir Claude Phillips, and the plain-clothes policeman, are figures that make a good show at most picture-shows. Sir Frederick is the man of words; needless to say, Whistler flouted him. The painter's "Ha, ha!" resounds in the story of his meetings with the critic. "And they all laughed with me, and Wedmore was forgotten, and I was the hero of the evening. And Wedmore has never forgiven me"—such is Whistler's version of a certain dinner-table encounter. At another time, Whistler contemplated a pamphlet telling of Sir Frederick's errors as a critic, as a companion to "Eden versus Whistler; The Baronet and the Butterfly." It would, under existing circumstances, necessarily have been called, "The Knight versus the Nocturnes."

SEEN LEAVING CIRO'S:
MR. ANTHONY DREXEL.

Photograph by E. Navello.

Whether in the West of London or the South of Africa, Lady Phillips is no less eminent than her husband. Even the East End owed something, for a short season, to her enterprise among people and pictures, for she had much to do with the formation of the wonderful collection of paintings shown in Whitechapel on its way to South Africa. Sir Hugh Lane himself admitted her to be a mistress in the art of art-collecting. It was Sir Lionel Phillips who was sentenced to death after the Jameson Raid; but even in that entirely masculine

*A South African
Lionel.*

incident the woman's part must not be forgotten, for it is the wife's part to suffer the greater anxieties. The gentlemen in the Lionel's den, as it was called, were better instructed as to the probability, or certainty, of reprieve than the women-folk without. Lady Phillips has written an admirable book of South African memoirs.



WIFE OF A NEW YEAR
BARONET:
LADY NELSON.

Sir William Nelson is the well-known ship-owner.—Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, Bt., who has been created a Baron, has been Governor of Madras since last year. Lady Gibson-Carmichael was Mary Heles, eldest daughter of the third Baron Nugent (of the Empire of Austria).—[Photographs by Speaight and Talma.]



WIFE OF A NEW YEAR
PEER: LADY GIBSON-
CARMICHAEL.



AUTHOR OF AN OPERA
MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN
IS CONSIDERING:
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

It was announced the other day that Mr. Oscar Hammerstein was considering "Fionn and Tera," an opera by the Duke of Argyll, with music by the late Mr. F. Learmont Drysdale, or rather with the music that composer had not completed when he died, which is being orchestrated by Mr. David Stephen.

Photograph by Swaine.

the youngest members of George V.'s Privy Council, but some delectable volume by his namesake, "E.V.L." Lord Lucas has inherited, and, what is more to the purpose, can afford to keep, magnificent pictures; why should he mar his pleasure in them by esteeming the gift to write about them greater than the pleasure of possession? Lord Lucas is making a mark for himself as a man of action, or, if of words, of spoken words; let him win distinction not only by his hold upon affairs, but also by his hold upon his Old Masters, most slippery treasures.

"Winged" in the Wings. Lord Londonderry's passing indisposition unfitted him for several engagements, such as the dinner of the Darlington Chamber of Agriculture; but, fortunately, the theatricals at Wynyard Park were not forbidden him. He was able to observe Sir Hedworth William in more than one part, and to witness the first performance of the Hon. Margaret Stewart, the daughter of Lord and Lady Castlereagh and eighteen months old. The company of a nurse precluded the necessity of a prompter, and her performance of Baby Jack, in "The Interloper," went without a hitch. Lord Londonderry was more fortunate than many playgoers of late. Mr. Alfred Noyes was sent to bed in a nursing-home when he should have been in a box at His Majesty's for the first performance of the play that owes its poetry to him—"Orpheus in the Underground." Miss Ethel Barrymore's illness in New York has been interfering with her acting and even with the management of her theatre, and Humperdinck, the maker of "The Miracle's" music, was down with bronchitis at the moment of his Olympian triumph.



AT CAP MARTIN FOR
CHRISTMAS: SIR JOHN
LONSDALE, M.P.

Photograph by E. Navello.



WIFE OF A NEW YEAR
BARONET:
LADY PHILLIPS.

Sir Lionel Phillips, Member of the House of Assembly of the Union of South Africa, was a partner in Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co. He was formerly President of the Chamber of Mines in Johannesburg. He was one of the four Uitlanders condemned to death by Judge Gregorowski for alleged participation in the Raid. Lady Phillips is the author of "Some South African Recollections."—Sir Sigismund Neumann is the sole partner in Messrs. S. Neumann and Co., and is on the boards of the African Banking Corporation and the London Joint Stock Bank.—[Photographs by Revesford and Lafayette.]



WIFE OF A NEW YEAR
BARONET:
LADY NEUMANN.

BUDDHA-LIKE MAJESTY: THE CROWNED KING OF SIAM.



1. ON A FLOATING THRONE: THE KING OF SIAM ON HIS MANY-OARED, GILDED STATE BARGE, DURING HIS PROGRESS ON THE SECOND DAY AFTER HE HAD CROWNED HIMSELF.

2. SUGGESTING A FIGURE OF BUDDHA: THE KING OF SIAM RECEIVING THE HOMAGE OF HIS KNEELING OFFICIALS WHILE SEATED ON HIS THRONE ON THE BALCONY OF THE CROWNING HALL.

The King of Siam, sitting on the coronation stone, crowned himself on Dec. 2; then received homage, and appeared before his people, crowned and seated on the throne on a balcony. On the following day he was the central figure of a state progress through the streets, and on the day after that of one on the river.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

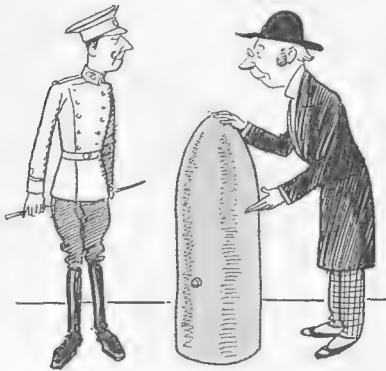


By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

ALWAYS keep your eye on the doctors. One of them says that the opening days of the New Year are the worst of all for making good resolutions. That lifts a weight off one's mind. No pavement for the underground this time.

President Taft says that America is suffering from too great prosperity. In that case, Mr. Taft makes an admirable figurehead for the Republic.

Press photographers should really be more careful in their choice of models. How can they expect to wring our hearts with pictures of starving slum-children waiting for Christmas puddings when the youngsters are positively bursting with fatness before they have swallowed a mouthful? A little stage management next time, please.



Warfare in the near future is to have more grill than glory about it. A benevolent-looking old scientist has invented a shell which will literally set the air on fire. It looks as if we should have to enlarge the Fire Brigade.

At last the secret of eternal youth has been discovered by a London doctor. It is too simple for words. Wear loose collars, and the lymphatic circulation will be so improved that your brains and your hair will both begin to sprout, and you will have all your work cut out to keep from second childhood.

TOMPKINS!

(Tompkins, the valuable Persian cat belonging to Mr. J. M. Glover, of Drury Lane, fell ill on Christmas Day, and had to be taken to the O.D.F.L.A. Hospital in Pimlico.)

Children, I pray, take warning
From the tale of grief and woe
That befell on Christmas morning
In the wilds of Pimlico,
On account of the biliary
And intercostal pain,
That ravaged the Little Mary
Of Tompkins of Drury Lane.

He fed upon pie and turkey,
Not wisely, but oh! so well,

And felt uncommonly perky
Until — he began to swell.
But at last the veterinary

Surgeons can smile again,
For they've rescued the Little Mary
Of Tompkins of Drury Lane!

Why do business firms engage ill-mannered hall-porters? Elementary, my dear Watson. They want to keep customers away, as they cannot afford to do any business nowadays.

There seems to be a great diversity among experts as to whether a bulldog can bark or not. This can easily be settled by catching an expert and making him insult a bulldog.

Excitement was lately caused in a carriage on the Forth and Clyde Railway by the discovery of



a live rat in a young woman's hat. Can you conceive the terror of the poor beast running for weeks round the huge circumference of a girl's hat, or hopelessly tangled in the maze of ribbons, feathers, and flowers? Lost in London would be nothing to it.

"Women have got to remodel their figures this year," says a dressmaker. The fashionable figure will now be shaped like a ballot-box, as a hint to tyrant man.

Some people calling themselves the Women's Industrial Council propose to solve the servant problem by conferring rank and title upon domestics. They are simply asking for trouble. It will be all very well to call a housemaid a Captain, a parlour-maid a Major, and a cook a Colonel; but what about the general? They cannot promote her to be Field-Marshal, because that would lead to a scrap with the butler, who wants the title for himself.

Bunyan is universally proclaimed a great writer in public, but regarded as a dull old person in private. This will explain why the millions who profess themselves his admirers cannot scrape together a few pounds to keep his copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" in England.

A statistician in the *Evening News* says that a duellist's risk of fatal injury is about the same as a footballer's. I had no idea that duelling was so dangerous.

Someone is asking why, if the eminent actor may be knighted, the eminent actress should be left out in the cold. She isn't. She marries the eminent actor.

Charles Bardin, of Paris, confesses to a playful habit of celebrating his birthday by boxing the ears of the first man he meets on that day. Here's the man to meet Massa Johnson. Here's the White Hope at last!

THE LOVER'S GIFT.

(False hair is now being worn as openly and frankly as jewellery, and transformations, chignons, and fringes are the fashionable presents.)

Maud is my fairest fair,
She's queen in my garden of girls;
She has, as no doubt you're aware,

A head sunning over with curls.
And her head will continue to sun
With chignon, with switch, and with fringe,
As long as my money will run
To hair of the natural tinge.

Rubies and emeralds too,
Diamonds, sapphires, and pearls,
Are all of them simply *vieux jeu*
Compared with additional curls.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
The rarest that money can buy:
She openly dotes on the hair
Which Truefitt and Clarkson supply.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD—OF WATER-INDUCED REST.



DESIGNED TO CAUSE SLEEP: A DEVICE WHICH PROVIDES FOR A CONTINUAL FLOW OF WATER
ACROSS THE FOREHEAD OF THE PERSON SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA.

This device, the invention of Mrs. Cornwall, of Bayswater, is designed to cure insomnia by providing for a regular flow of water, or medicated fluid, over the forehead of the sleepless person. It is claimed that the action of the water induces sleep.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



"Nightbirds."

It was a daring experiment to take that ver old favourite, "Die Fledermaus," and present it as an entirely modern musical comedy with music by Johann Strauss (I have to mention "Johann" as there are so many Strausses or Strauses extant that the ordinary playgoer enjoying this music may not realise that its composer has been some time dead). The original "book" was distinctly old-fashioned and not very exhilarating, but in the version at the Lyric the skilful hand of Miss Gladys Unger has changed all that. The imprisoned husband is now deemed to have committed the crime of exceeding the speed-limit, and the conversation has been adapted to suit this change. The prison to which the lover is carried off in mistake for the husband is an establishment conducted on the most modern humanitarian lines, where all the prisoners are clothed in most becoming and highly coloured costumes; and when in the second act a ballet is required, Miss Phyllis Bedells comes across with a group of ladies from the Empire, and gives us a proof that even in England we have dancers who can really dance. And the Russian Prince who gives the famous party is a very modern Prince indeed; as is the Warder, who, in the person of Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, provides some of the most amusing moments of the evening. Then there is Miss Muriel George, from the Folies, a very clever little comédienne, who makes a most entertaining parlour-maid; and Mr. C. H. Workman and Mr. Tom A. Shale contribute much to the humours of the piece.

The Music.

But it is for its music that the play is most notable, and this will always bear revival. It is light music of the best kind, and its concerted numbers are always a real delight in the spontaneous gaiety of their rhythm. We heard it given by the Beecham Opera Company not long ago, and in its new surroundings it will make its appeal, probably, to a wider circle. Miss Constance Drever sings beautifully as the Countess, and Mr. Workman's voice is singularly well suited to this class of work, while, as the amorous Hungarian, Mr. Maurice Farkoa is really the right man in the right place, and makes a great success with a most artistic rendering of the "Blue Danube" waltz.

Aldwych
Theatre.

At the Aldwych Theatre "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales" has been revised and considerably improved since its first appearance. As a simple little entertainment for children who like their fairy stories without too much embellishment it is excellent, and it can be heartily recommended to those who, for the youngsters' sakes, are in search of something eminently suited to this period of the year.

Elizabethan Stage Society.

The Elizabethan Stage Society is clearly not dead. It has been justifying its existence by producing at the Little Theatre that quaint old morality, "Jacob and Esau," in which is set out with a most appealing naïveté the way in which Rebecca and Jacob secured from Isaac the blessing which was intended for the elder brother. The production is strangely beautiful, but one would like a little more light upon it; for, however effective shadows may be in the drawing of stage pictures, there is, after all, much to be said for the principle that you should see the players' faces. And it may be added that it is important also that one should hear the players' words.

On this score, however, there is no criticism to be made of the finely dignified performance of Mr. Guy Rathbone as Isaac and the quaint originality of Mr. Campbell Cargill's Jacob. The Society followed up this morality play with a striking production of the "Alcestis": striking in the beauty of its colouring and the imaginative simplicity of its scenery. Inaudibility and lack of light were again to be noted, and there were certain strange ways of doing things which seemed contrary to the intentions of Euripides: but as Alcestis Miss Lucy Wilson was admirable, and Mr. Frederic Sargent was a noble and dignified Admetus.



IN ALUMINIUM ARMOUR: ST. GEORGE LEADS THE MOTHER, THE FATHER, AND THEIR CHILDREN BACK TO ENGLAND, IN "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE SAVOY.

Mr. Reginald Owen plays St. George, and, incidentally, wears aluminium armour, which is most effective. In this patriotic fairy-play St. George takes the rôle usually assigned to the good fairy. Incidentally, he laments the fact that England does not honour her patron saint nowadays, as do Scotland and Ireland St. Andrew and St. Patrick. Still, when he at length finds, on this occasion, an English girl in distress calling for his aid, he chivalrously overlooks the nation's indifference, and comes to the rescue like "a very parfait, gentil knight." Mr. Reginald Owen is said to be part-author of the play.—[Photograph by C.N.]

things. In this Gilbert was very serious and wrote much verse, and was not recognisable to those who are more accustomed to his operatic work and his farces; but it is a pretty little thing, with tears in it at times, and was well acted by Miss Ella Feist, Miss Eda Farmer, Mr. Eric Workman, and Mr. F. J. Rorke. "Six Persons," by Mr. Zangwill, caused much amusement, but the humour of it was somewhat old-fashioned. It was a duologue in which She (represented by Miss Margaret Halstan) and He (represented by Mr. Dawson Milward) had become hastily engaged at a dance the night before; and both wished to back out without hurting the other's feelings. Finally, after a quarrel, they decided to continue the engagement.



SNOW FORMS: FANTASTIC FIGURES SEEN IN THE WINTER SCENE OF "THE MIRACLE," AT OLYMPIA.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

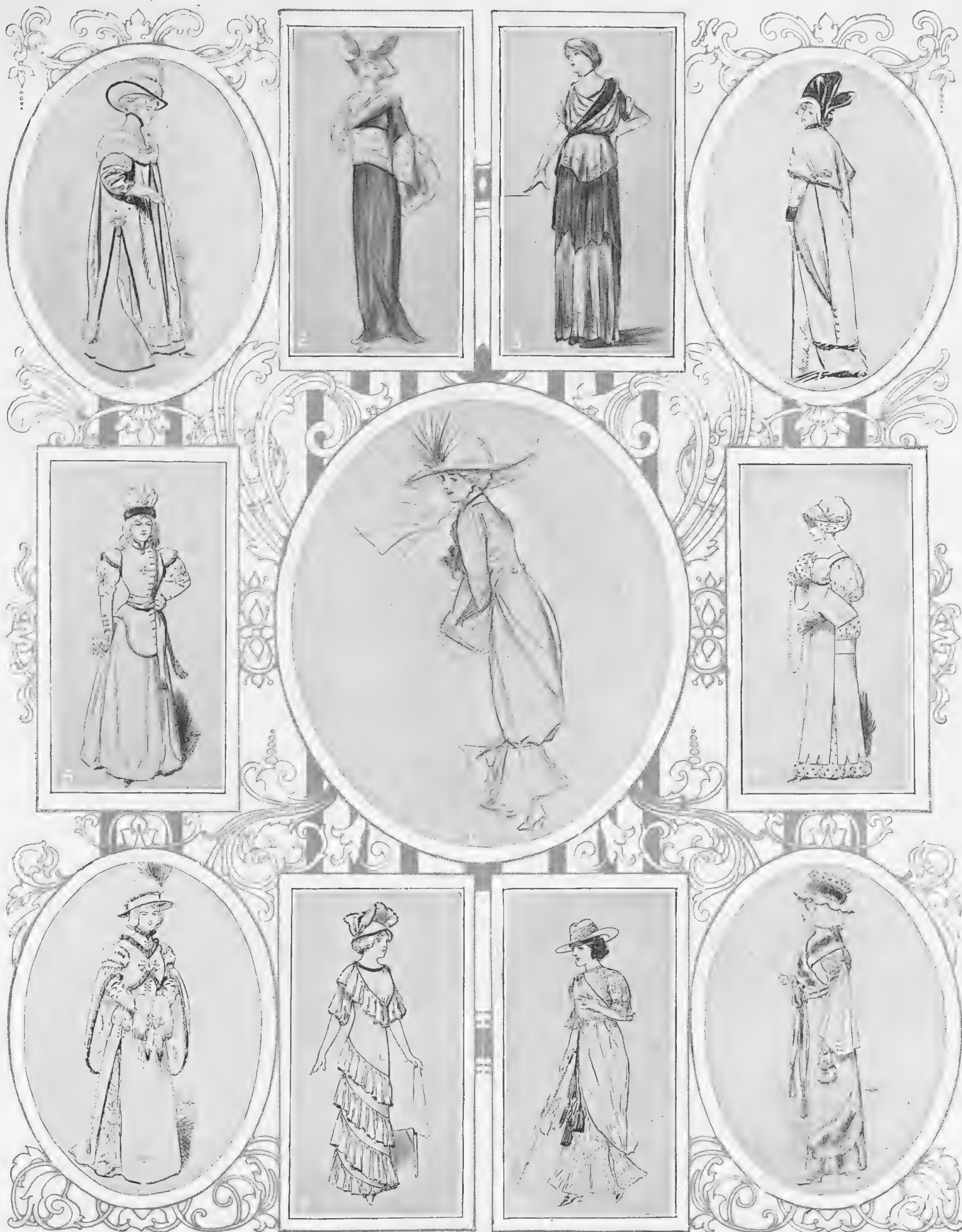
Mr. Milward did it all very well, but it had been done very often before, and one rather expects something more original from Mr. Zangwill. In addition to this, there was a scene from "The Rivals," in which Miss Mary Rorke gave us a very kindly, genial, and humorous Mrs. Malaprop; and Miss Helen Mar and Mr. Harcourt Williams recited, and everybody spent a very pleasant afternoon.

The "Referee" often see Children's Benefit. Gilbert's early work upon the stage, but Miss Kate Rorke gave us an opportunity one afternoon at the Royal Court Theatre, where, for the benefit of the Referee Children's Fund, she produced "Broken Hearts," and other

things. In this Gilbert was very serious and wrote much verse, and was not recognisable to those who are more accustomed to his operatic work and his farces; but it is a pretty little thing, with tears in it at times, and was well acted by Miss Ella Feist, Miss Eda Farmer, Mr. Eric Workman, and Mr. F. J. Rorke. "Six Persons," by Mr. Zangwill, caused much amusement, but the humour of it was somewhat old-fashioned. It was a duologue in which She (represented by Miss Margaret Halstan) and He (represented by Mr. Dawson Milward) had become hastily engaged at a dance the night before; and both wished to back out without hurting the other's feelings. Finally, after a quarrel, they decided to continue the engagement. Miss Halstan and

"WALK THIS WAY, MADAM"—AND CHOOSE YOUR FASHION.

NEW MODES SPECIALLY DESIGNED: WHICH DO YOU PREFER?



1. BY M^{LE}. LUCIE LANDEMENT, OF LAVARDIN.
2. BY AN ANONYMOUS DESIGNER (SPECIAL MENTION).
3. BY AN ANONYMOUS DESIGNER (SPECIAL MENTION).
4. BY M^{LE}. MATHILDE SÉE.

5. BY M^{ME}. GOMBERT, OF PARIS.
6. BY G. PÉCOUD.
7. BY M^{LE}. RENÉE BLANC, OF PARIS.
8. BY "EROLF," OF LIÈGE.

9. BY M^{LE}. MARIE-ANNE GRAND, OF LUPERCHIN.
10. BY M^{LE}. LUCIE ROCHE, OF RHEIMS.
11. BY M^{ME}. ANDRÉE LISSALDE, OF BAYONNE.

A French journal recently asked its readers to suggest a new fashion. Here are some of the results. To a mere man certain of the creations suggest "fancy dress" more than a little; but possibly woman will find that very fact a thing over which to rejoice. We leave it to her—knowing that, anyway, we could not influence her.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Lady Howard de Walden of the future has an ample scope. Seaford House teems with possibilities, and to those of Audley End there is no end. "It is too much for a King, but might fit a Lord Treasurer," was James the First's estimate; but Miss Van Raalte is not abashed. A modern maiden well knows the uses of her talents, her time, and her territories. That Miss Van Raalte can match each of Lord Howard de Walden's multitudinous interests with a like interest, or with one of her own, is characteristic of the generation to which she belongs, and to the particular group of brilliant girls with whom she has been associated in London. If Lord Howard de Walden can write songs, she can sing them; if he is great in sword-play, she, in repartee, can make her own points; if he can write a novel, she can read it with the nicest judgment; and while he can fly a hawk, she may have as keen an eye as his, but, maybe, for the chances of the fugitive bird.

An Engaging Silence.

The story of the Duke of Devonshire's manner of marrying, and telling about it, is recounted in a current magazine. He went into his study, left orders, went out, returned, asked his secretary if he had heard of the domestic event, and getting an absent-minded answer in the affirmative; retired, without a word of wife or wedding uttered. Lord Howard de Walden has not, in the matter of his engagement, emulated such reticence; but he fell into the trap of absent-mindedness open to happy men. Being among friends at a country house, when the news was published in a paper, he was bombarded with congratulations. "But why did you not tell us?" followed. "When I came here last night I meant to, to-day," he explained, "and this morning I did not think about it."

"Write Bligh, and Oblige."

For these few days after the announcement of his engagement, the Hon. Noel Bligh has had, as often as not, the pleasure of reading that the Hon.

him—Eudamidas. The father of Miss Frost, Mr. Bligh's fiancée, was generally known as "Jack Frost," and the name is as clinging as the sparkling powder scattered by children at Christmas. Miss Frost is another Jack. Mr. Bligh's mother, the Countess of Darnley, first met her husband when he was captaining an English cricket eleven in Australia. England's win last week renews many appropriate memories.

Parliament at Play.

Judge a worker by his holidays! The exhausted Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Sidney Buxton, and the Master of Elibank seek the ease of the Riviera; Mr. John Burns speeds Rome-wards in the cushioned ease of a motor-car, although in Battersea the L.C.C. tram is his chosen vehicle. But not all Liberals relapse into slack ways during the vacation. Mr. Masterman and Mrs. Masterman are crowding exercise into a Swiss fortnight. To the same scene of sun and snow went Lord Lytton, with his son Anthony, Viscount Knebworth; but not before a Knebworth party had been regaled with the unqualified assurance in a speculative journal that "his Lordship has the best pair of winter sport legs in Switzerland."

"Southwards, Towards the Sea."

Firle Place, Lewes, with a garden that overlooks a distant sea, has been offering its ancient walks and chambers to modern children for a playground, with Viscount and Viscountess Gage for host and hostess. At Petworth Lady Leconfield has been exploring the illimitable mansion that is now hers to rule, and, with Lord Leconfield, entertaining Constance Lady Leconfield, General and the Hon. Ivor Maxse, the Hon. Margaret Wyndham, and Lord Ormathwaite. Raton, with Lord and Lady Willington at home, has been filled with guests, and the thickly peopled region of Horsham and Crawley has had its hunt ball. Sussex is the county of the moment.



MRS. OCTAVIUS LOTHIAN NICHOLSON.

By a slip, which we much regret, we wrote of Mrs. Nicholson in our last issue as Miss Eileen Montague Browne, saying that she was to marry Captain Octavius Lothian Nicholson, D.S.O. on January 4. In point of fact, Miss Browne's marriage to Captain Nicholson took place in January of 1911. Mrs. Nicholson is the daughter of Major General Montague Browne, of St. John's Point, Killough, Co. Down. Captain Nicholson, who won his D.S.O. in South Africa during the War, which brought him also three mentions in despatches, the Queen's medal with three clasps, and the King's medal with two clasps, has been A.D.C. to the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda since 1908. He is the sixth son of the late General Sir Lothian Nicholson.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Noel Blyth was simultaneously betrothed to the same lady. Under the circumstances he can welcome the reminder of the American author's reproof to an erring printer. "I feel," he said to the culprit, "inclined to call you by the name of the first King of Sparta." The printer did not immediately recall the first of the Spartan line, but returning to his reference-books and turning up the name, he found, fronting



MISS ELIZABETH BIRKBECK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. HUBERT BOWYER ARDEN ADDERLEY WAS FIXED FOR THE 9TH.

Miss Birkbeck is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William John Birkbeck, of Stratton Strawless, Norfolk. Mr. Adderley, late of the Scots Guards, is the only son of the Hon. Henry Arden Adderley, and Mrs. Adderley, of Fillongley Hall, Coventry.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN RIVERS STEELE, OF THE 4TH HUSSARS; MISS MURIELLE HOBBS.

Miss Hobbs is the daughter of the late Col. Bradley Hobbs.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MISS HELEN MCGREGOR MACDONALD: MR. HUMPHREY GILBERT GRACE.



ENGAGED TO MR. HUMPHREY GILBERT GRACE: MISS HELEN MCGREGOR MACDONALD.



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES GERARD WALMESLEY ON THE 11TH: MISS MARY DRUTT.



TO MARRY MISS MARY DRUTT ON THE 11TH: MR. CHARLES GERARD WALMESLEY.

Mr. Grace, of the 21st P.A.V.O. Cavalry (F.F.), is the eldest son of Archdeacon Grace, of Blenheim, New Zealand.—Miss Macdonald is the second daughter of Mr. G. W. Macdonald, of 8, Prince of Wales' Terrace, W.—Miss Drutt is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Drutt, of 91, Iverna Court. The wedding is to take place at the Brompton Oratory.—Mr. Walmsley, late of the 17th Lancers, is the eldest son of Mr. Humphrey J. Walmsley, of Inglewood House, Hungerford.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Elwin Neame, and Swaine.

STUDDY'S DOG STUDIES.

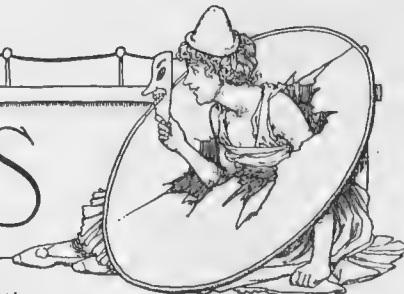


"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



STAR TURNS



THE DICKENS ACTOR: MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS.

"THE Dickens actor." That is the distinctive title enjoyed by Mr. Bransby Williams in the music-hall world, in which he is justly esteemed as one of the most accomplished star turns. Characteristic as the phrase is, it does not do full justice to his abilities, for he might equally well be called a Shakespeare actor, since he represents many of the leading parts—Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Wolsey, Henry V., etc.—as monologues, similar to his Dickens sketches; while, in addition, he is one of the finest mimics on the stage.

It is strange to think of this broad-shouldered, deep-chested man with the splendid voice and a physique capable of withstanding great fatigue, as a puny lad, constantly suffering from bronchitis, and with a very weak chest. Such, however, was the case. Indeed, his ill-health stood in the way of his proposed calling. His mother was anxious that he should be a clergyman, and he used to preach at a mission in the East End, where his success was so great that his sermons used to be printed and sold. In consequence of that success he was offered the post of a missionary; but his health compelled him to decline it. He realised his own potentiality as a preacher some years later. Going to church one Sunday evening, he was startled by the familiarity of the clergyman's sermon. He listened attentively, and it came back to him, word for word. The clergyman was preaching a sermon Bransby Williams had himself written in his youth.

His first start in life was as errand-boy in a tea-taster's firm. His spare pence were spent on the theatre, and he acted at working-men's clubs, in which he played between a hundred and fifty and two hundred parts, thus acquiring that versatility for which he has become celebrated. His first part on the regular stage was at New Cross Public Hall, where he was engaged for a servant with a couple of lines in "The Colleen Bawn." Almost at the last moment, Mr. Vivian Reynolds, the well-known actor of the St. James's Theatre, who was to play the leading part, was unable to appear, and Mr. Williams took his place with immense success. His remuneration was humorously inadequate. It consisted of an Abernethy biscuit, a bottle of ginger-beer, and a shilling for his fare!

For several years he played the usual round of provincial engagements. At length, one day, some fifteen years ago, he found himself without any work to do, and with the responsibilities of a wife and a little daughter on his hands. He thought of the music-halls. He wrote to the manager of the London, Shoreditch, and asked to be allowed to give him a private show, as an imitator of actors, with a view to an engagement. He had only done two or three imitations when the manager stopped him. Mr. Williams thought he had been so bad that he had exhausted the manager's patience. Instead, the manager was so pleased that he needed no further evidence of the young actor's ability. He arranged for his appearance as an extra turn the following week. When Mr. Williams arrived, carrying his wigs and costume wrapped up in a parcel, as Edmund Kean had done three-quarters of a century before at Drury Lane Theatre, he found no dressing-room had been allotted to him, and he had to dress on a landing. That night settled his career. The audience thundered their applause, making Mr. Williams's

extra turn the star show of the night. He had the satisfaction of seeing himself announced as a star turn on his first regular appearance. His imitations were of such actors as Henry Irving, Beer-bohm Tree, E. S. Willard, and Harry Paulton, then in the height of his success with "Niobe." His fame spread with such rapidity that before the week was over, in addition to the London, he was playing at the Tivoli, the Canterbury, and the Paragon as deputy for no less famous an artist than the late Dan Leno. The result of his first week on the music-halls was that he had eighteen sovereigns to draw, and he has himself said, "The week before eighteen shillings would have been a godsend."

But imitating actors, however skilfully done, he realised, would not carry him to the position that he desired. He began planning a more original entertainment. During those years he was always reading Dickens's books and realising their force and possibilities for the stage. One day, in the course of conversation, an uncle of his recalled having seen a certain actor who had played some of Dickens's characters. That settled the matter. Mr. Williams at once began making monologues and sketches of them, and he made his debut in characters from "Barnaby Rudge" at a special performance at Dickens Hall, Chigwell, adjoining the King's Head Hotel, which was used by Dickens as the Maypole in that book. His success in various characters from the book was as instant and complete as his success as an imitator had been. He started a vogue which has since been copied by many people.

The rapprochement between the theatre and the music-hall, which has been so strikingly developed of late, has caused two episodes in Mr. Williams's career which demonstrate the mutual ignorance of each other formerly existing between these two departments of the stage. In 1896 he produced his first monologue of Sidney Carton in the music-halls, yet, when Mr. Martin Harvey made his phenomenal success in that character in "The Only Way," some time later, Mr. Williams was actually accused of taking

the idea from him! In the same year Mr. Williams produced his monologue "Scrooge," adapted from "A Christmas Carol." Eleven years later, when Mr. Williams announced to do it at the Hippodrome, he received a letter from Mr. J. C. Buckstone, stating that Mr. Seymour Hicks had been playing his version of "A Christmas Carol" under that name and had made it "exceedingly popular." Even newspapers who criticised Mr. Williams' work enthusiastically remarked that he was following in the footsteps of Mr. Hicks—although he had produced "Scrooge" six years before that popular actor.

Like the late Dan Leno, Mr. Bransby Williams was one of the few artists of the music-hall stage to receive the royal command to appear before his late Majesty at Sandringham. On that occasion he appeared both as a mimic and as a Dickens actor. The imitations were as great a success as were the Dickens impersonations, and as a memento of the occasion his late Majesty and Queen Alexandra sent Mr. Williams a silver cigarette-case and matchbox combined, with the royal monogram in diamonds at the side.

Since those days Mr. Williams has been twice to America, where his success has been as great as it is at home.



THE SITTING COMEDIAN: MR. ERNEST REES AS THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE LYCEUM.

Mr. Rees, the well-known and very funny comedian, was to have been the Dame in "Dick Whittington." Illness left him weak, however, with the result that he was enabled to change the part for that of the Emperor of Morocco. This he plays seated, save for a few minutes. He scores heavily at each performance in song and "patter."

THE FLIPPER NIPPER.



MRS. FLIPPER: Yus, 'e wos playin' at sojers an' 'e took the sarsepan for an 'elmet, and 'e can't get it off, so I'm takin' 'im to the 'orspital.

MRS. LING: It's a bad job fer 'im.

MRS. FLIPPER: It's a wuss one fer me. It's the only pan I've got, and there's me breakfast inside it.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

RULERS OF PRINCE'S: SKATERS FAMOUS ON THE RINK.



1. MRS. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

2. THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CADOGAN.

3. MISS METCALFE.

4. MRS. J. H. JOHNSON.

5. MR. H. J. CARVER.

6. THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY.

Prince's Skating Rink, we need hardly tell the majority of our readers, at all events, is one of the institutions of London, and takes high rank amongst places of entertainment. The roller-skating boom has not affected it in the least, for its real ice is perfection, and many a skater who ignores the wooden wheels glides across it on steel blades.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Sport and General.

[Continued opposite.]

PRANCES AT PRINCE'S: ICE ATTITUDES.



THE WALTZERS—AND SOME WOBBLERS: OUR ARTIST SEES SKATING.

Continued.] cutting figures and waltzing. Most of those who frequent it are, of course, highly skilled; there are others, but they are few. In fact, it is a fashionable resort to be taken seriously as well as lightly. Mr. Bateman, naturally, has dealt humorously with it. For the rest, we reproduce photographs of some of the best known of the many well-known skaters to be seen at it.—[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]



MAY YOU DREAM OF CANARIES, DUCKS, AND CHERRIES!*

That Strange Land, Phantomnia.

Situated between the Two Sheets, bounded on the north by Blanket, on the south by Mattress, on the east by Wall, and on the west by Floor, a short mile nor'-nor'-west of Midnight, is Phantomnia. No man has explored it through and through; but districts of it all know. Mr. Elliott O'Donnell can claim to be most conversant with it. "In my novels," he says, "my imagination runs riot. I make no attempt to suppress it. I write of the fantastic, the weird, the occult; for at night I move, I breathe, I think in phantom-land. So often have I visited this same phantom-land that I have made a map of it, naming its isles, seas, mountains, lakes, forests, rivers, and plains. With many of the smaller landmarks, too, I am familiar, and I know what each turn and twist of certain roads have in store for me. Everything is portrayed to me so vividly that I believe my spiritual body, separating itself from my material body, actually visits the superphysical plane and participates in its events." Who, then, could be better guide to its mysteries?

From Canaries to Storks.

The Blue Bird, M. Maeterlinck has told us, means Happiness. Other "fowl," be it remarked, stand for other things—ask Mr. O'Donnell! "To dream of canary-birds signifies good-fortune in the shape of money—either a legacy, a rise in salary, or a present." Night thoughts of ducks portend luck, kisses, and presents; of pigeons, gifts of all kinds; of wrens, the advent of an engagement or marriage; of the cuckoo, treasure trove, the picking-up of coins or other valuables in the street; of eagles, great success. Fowls foreshadow quarrels; vultures, failure and illness; magpies, death; parrots, scandal; storks, a birth. So much for the flying things of Phantomnia—save the bat, whose appearance signifies catastrophe to come, if not to the dreamer, to those within his knowledge.

Four-Legged Fortune-Tellers.

To turn to four-legged things: The bear is associated with the unpleasant side of the occult; the bull, appropriately, with breakages of china; the cat (white) with luck; the cat (black) with great luck or the reverse; the cat (tabby) with nothing in particular; the cat (tortoiseshell) with disaster; the cow with good; the crocodile with evil, danger from drowning and lightning; the Pomeranian with risk from thieves and "Apaches"; the foxhound with news from unexpected quarters; the terrier with petty successes or quarrels; and so on and on. The silver fox indicates excessive good fortune; the ordinary fox, fairly good; the black fox, ill-luck; the white horse is to be cultivated in dreams, the black and the chestnut must be shunned. Lions mean marriage and success, amongst other things; mice, at times, illness and death; pigs, anything from slight accidents to downright calamities; rats (white, black, or

brown—pink are not mentioned), illness, death, and serious misfortunes; elephants, shipwrecks, marriages, and births.

Insect "Fates."

Insects are equally associated with the desirable and undesirable. Ants stand for presents; blackbeetles, for illness; butterflies, for happiness; caterpillars, for minor accidents; centipedes, for losses; earwigs, for danger at an enemy's hands; gnats, for coming kisses; maggots, for losses; slugs, for jealousy; snails, for weddings. Then, among many other things, animate and inanimate, are hosts which are of portentous importance. To dream of a birth is to hear of a death. If, in Phantomnia, you dance with a particular person, that person is thinking of doing you an injury; and "if your partner be your sweetheart or lover, then the dream is intended to prove he, or she, is inconstant, and has been carrying on a flirtation with someone else." Dream marriage foretells a death; a corpse, a death; while a funeral implies a birth, engagement, or marriage in the future. "To dream of being kissed by any particular person means that person is not to be trusted. If a girl dreams of being kissed by her lover, it may be regarded as a sign he is inconstant."



CREMATION, INDIAN STYLE: THE HINDU
BURNING-PLACE AT BOMBAY.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

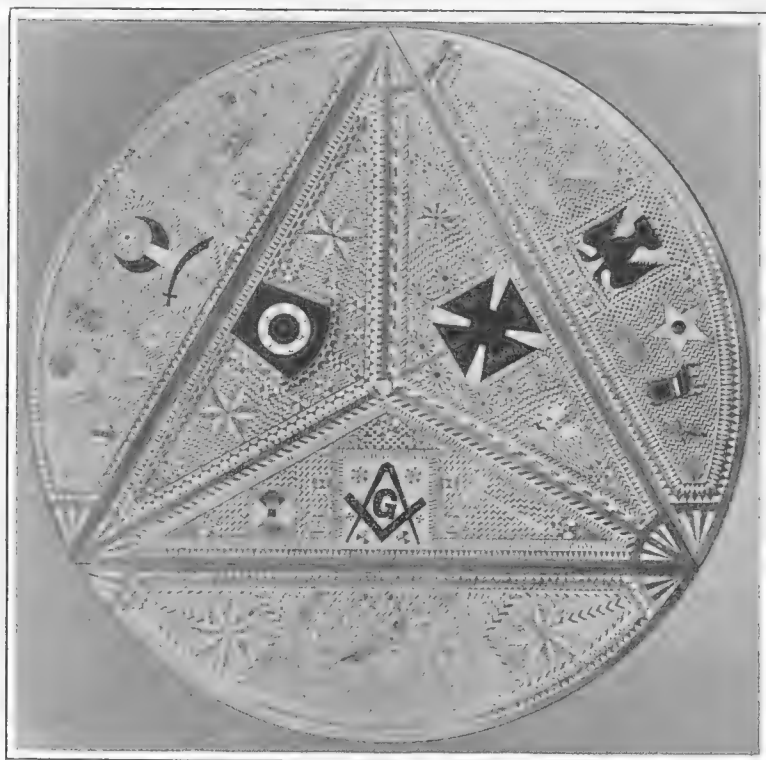
be counted with the pioneers opening up the mystic country which so fascinates him will find his book a mine of information. Variety is the spice of life in the land of dreams: witness some

"A Summary for Lovers."

Thus Mr. O'Donnell—with numerous narratives illustrating his contentions, and with innumerable other instances of the things of Phantomnia and their meaning. Those who would be counted with the pioneers opening up the mystic country which so fascinates him will find his book a mine of information. Variety is the spice of life in the land of dreams: witness some items from the Index of its attractions and its drawbacks: Balloons, Bees, Bridges, Colours, Corpses, Cows, Digging, Donkeys, Drinking, Eating, Fish, Flies, Flying, Forest, Hanging, Idiots, Kangaroos, Ladybirds, Lions, Mice, Money, Murder, Naked Dreams, Panthers, Professions, Rags, Rams, Snakes, Spiders, Theatres, Toads, Vegetables, Wasps, Wolves, and Worms! The special attention of spinsters, bachelors, and widows may be drawn, perhaps, to "A Summary for Lovers."

Therein you may learn, for example, that "to dream the object of one's affections is clothed in light blue or yellow signifies they are fickle; in dark blue or gold, that they are constant. . . . To dream of the object of one's affections in connection with ash or beech trees, grass, . . . tortoiseshell cats . . . eels . . . earwigs, moths . . . and hanging signifies fickleness and inconstancy on the loved one's part, which not infrequently leads to a breaking off of the engagement, and, in cases of marriage, to separation and divorce. To dream of one's beloved in connection with cherries, ducks, and gnats portends kisses from

him or her . . . to dream of him or her in connection with clematis . . . bees, worms, and lions signifies he or she is constant." We commend Mr. O'Donnell to you—and go to dream of canaries and cherries!



MADE OF 34,473 PIECES OF WOOD GATHERED FROM EVERY STATE
IN THE UNION: A REMARKABLE MOSAIC TABLE.

The table is the work of a clever cabinet-maker of Michigan, U.S.A.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

* "The Meaning of Dreams." By Elliott O'Donnell. (Evelyn Nash. 2s. 6d. net.)

A GOOD SHOT!



MASTER GREGOR MCPHERSON: Vot dey do, Vader?

MR. GREGOR MCPHERSON: Dey do de gollof—a gind of cricket.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE ONLOOKERS.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

WHEN I entered the room Elizabeth was sitting gazing pensively at Mrs. Veralour. Mrs. Veralour, with the air of a tragedy queen who had been handed her notice, stood gazing out of the window.

"Morning, Elizabeth," I said; "morning, Lady Macbeth."

"Ssh!" said Elizabeth.

Mrs. Veralour, however, was less cordial in her greeting; she ignored me.

"Is it a dagger?" I questioned Elizabeth. Crossing over to Mrs. Veralour's side, I followed the direction of her eyes.

All I could see, however, was young Marsden sitting on a deck chair aimlessly hitting the toe of his boot with a tennis-racquet.

I glanced inquiringly at Mrs. Veralour.

"What is it you think you see?" I asked sympathetically.

"Your past life—or just spirits? Come and pat one of her hands, Elizabeth."

I never ask people to do what I wouldn't do myself, so, with the best intentions in the world, I took one of her hands in mine and stroked it gently. If Elizabeth had been brisk enough in following my example it would have been all right. As it was, however, she did not even move from her chair, and Mrs. Veralour boxed my ears with the hand Elizabeth should have been holding.

I glanced reproachfully at Elizabeth.

"A little more of Mrs. Veralour's energy, Elizabeth," I begged, stroking my ear tenderly. "What breakfast food were you brought up on, Mrs. Veralour?"

"Be quiet, Dick," cried Elizabeth impatiently.

Mrs. Veralour for the first time appeared to realise my presence. I flinched as she put her hand on my shoulder.

"Don't you think it's a shame?" she said, indicating young Marsden and the racquet.

"Eh?" I said. I stared more intently at the racquet. "Oh, by Jove it is!" I cried, suddenly enlightened. "Hang it, I've half a mind to interfere."

Mrs. Veralour, after gazing at me admiringly, glanced over in triumph at Elizabeth.

"Didn't I say he was a good sort at bottom?" she demanded.

Elizabeth bit her lip doubtfully.

"It's you who are the good sort, Mrs. Veralour," I said cordially, "calling my attention to it. Some women wouldn't have thought of it." I raised my arm.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded, clutching at me.

"Tap at the window at him," I said. "I shall have to have that racquet re-strung if he keeps kicking it like that."

"What racquet?" she cried, staring at me in amazement.

"Why, my racquet; the one he's knocking about so. I lent it to him yesterday."

"I said he was as selfish as he could be," said Elizabeth dispassionately, apparently referring to Mrs. Veralour's earlier eulogy of me.

"I don't mean your stupid racquet," said Mrs. Veralour irritably. "I was pointing to the Marsden boy and Ella Harrison."

Glancing once more out of the window, I observed at the other end of the lawn our hostess's daughter and a stout, elderly man.

"That's Mr. Wright," said Mrs. Veralour, with an air of explaining everything. "Poor Charlie!"

"That's all very well," I grumbled, "but you can't get out of it that it's my racquet he's got."

"Oh, bother your racquet!" she snapped, walking away from the window. "If you dare tap," she cried sharply, as I stood hesitating, "I'll never speak to you again."

"It's a temptation," I mused.

"Aren't men mean?" she said, turning to Elizabeth.

"Oh, not because of the racquet," I said blandly.

I took a seat and, lighting a cigarette, watched her grapple with this remark.

"What you suffer from," I said at last, "is twilight of the imagination."

"I beg your pardon," she said with blighting politeness.

"Granted—as we say in Society. I mean it takes a long time for things to dawn on you. However—*revenons à nos calves*. Why

(Copyright in U.S.A.)

should Charlie Marsden spoil my racquet because Ella Harrison is talking to Wright?"

"It wasn't because of that at all; it was because Mr. Wright was talking to Ella."

"Well, he can't expect the girl to be allowed to talk all the time. I expect Wright likes to get the fresh air into his lungs now and then, just like the rest of us. Anyhow, I notice Charlie himself doesn't talk exclusively with his eyes when he's with her."

"Oh, you *have* noticed that."

"Rather," I said complacently. "I've got an eye like a weather-cock for seeing which way the wind's blowing."

"It must be nice to be so clever," said Mrs. Veralour yearningly.

"Pooh, it's nothing," I said modestly; "it's more a gift than anything. I daresay you've noticed something yourself, if it comes to that."

Mrs. Veralour's mood suddenly changed. She sat upright in her chair, and regarded me with a glance biting enough to have left a scar.

"You idiot!" she hissed, "you perfect idiot!"

"Here, hang it," I protested feebly, "why *perfect*?"

"Can't you see perfectly well that those two poor creatures are absolutely breaking their hearts?"

"Young Marsden was breaking my racquet," I said—"I saw that. What's wrong between them?"

A sudden smile lit up Elizabeth's face.

"There's nothing wrong between them," she burst in, "it's all Wright between them."

"You've been maturing that, Elizabeth," I said accusingly. "That explains your inexplicable silence all this time."

"I don't think you ought to make jokes about it, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Veralour reprovingly.

"I didn't mean to," said Elizabeth penitently.

"Oh, I think you're taking it too seriously to call it a joke," I cried, hastening to Elizabeth's defence. "But what makes you think Wright is damming the current of their young love. It's an—er—engineering term, Elizabeth," I explained in an aside; "in the sense I use it, I mean."

"It's so obvious," said Mrs. Veralour.

"The obvious never made anybody think," I interjected. "Do you mean Wright's attentions are so patent?"

"N—o; I'll give the man credit, he doesn't try to monopolise her. But then he's thirty years older than she is. A man his age doesn't make a fool of himself."

"His is just the age," I corrected; "at twenty the girl makes a fool of a man, but at fifty he makes a fool of himself. Youth is the age of love."

Elizabeth stole a glance at me.

"You needn't count the furrows in my brow," I cried. "I'm the exception."

"You men allow a lot of exceptions to your rule, don't you?" said Mrs. Veralour sarcastically.

"No," I said, "only one—ourselves. But who told you about Wright?"

"Ella did herself," said Mrs. Veralour; "she told us both. She was awfully upset, wasn't she, Elizabeth?"

"Has Wright—er—said anything definite, or is it just intuition on Miss Ella's part?"

"Plain common-sense. What's he stopping here for otherwise? It was on his account that Mrs. Harrison invited us all. Did you think you were asked for your fascinating society?"

"I know why you were asked, anyhow, Mrs. Veralour: on account of your Bridge."

"My Bridge! Why, I'm a perfectly frightful player."

"That's what I meant. How much did she lose last night, Elizabeth? Still, don't get downhearted, Mrs. Veralour; what you lose on the swings you make up on the roundabouts. You must pay for popularity, you know."

"I haven't been listening to you," she exclaimed, with rather overdone indifference, "so you can't make me angry. Anybody can play Bridge if they give their minds to it."

"It depends on the mind they give to it, though."

[Continued overleaf.]

A WHOLE HOGGER!



THE BUCOLIC CUSTOMER: Young man, I wants a dark-grey tie.

THE SHOP ASSISTANT: Yessir—for half mourning?

THE BUCOLIC CUSTOMER: 'Arf mornin' be blowed! W'en I puts on a tie I puts it on fer the day.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"About Ella Harrison," put in Elizabeth, looking tactful.

"Oh, yes; well, she said her mother is always drumming it into her what a perfectly splendid man Mr. Wright is. He's got a house in the neighbourhood, you know, and looks them up every day. Then on top of that, the house party, and he's asked to stop! What is she to think?"

"He used to know her father, you know," I reminded her; "perhaps he comes to see her so often from a sense of duty."

"Well, but why should her mother talk about him so much?"

"There you have me," I admitted; "what makes any woman talk so much?"

"Oh, do be serious!" cried Mrs. Veralour, tapping her foot impatiently.

"You wait till you hear Mrs. Veralour's plan," put in Elizabeth, in a tone that was almost a threat.

"Plan!" I cried in alarm. "Have you got a plan?"

"Yes," she said, regarding me defiantly.

"Now look here, Mrs. Veralour, you'll be getting yourself disliked if you go on like this. It's positively selfish the way you won't let anybody have any little troubles, without wanting to share them. You should try to restrain yourself."

"It's a splendid scheme," stated Elizabeth enthusiastically.

"Good Lord!" I cried, in horror, "has she dragged you into it already?"

"Don't get jealous," said Mrs. Veralour, "I haven't left you out."

"I know that," I groaned; "I'm always the sack of sand in this outfit. I'm dragged in to keep you two steady, and then if anything goes wrong I'm thrown over."

"He went up in a captive balloon the other day," explained Elizabeth untruthfully; "that's why he's so—so airshipy."

"You needn't come in unless you like," said Mrs. Veralour. "You can please yourself."

"I can't. I've all my work cut out to please Elizabeth."

"To please one should be to please both."

"It isn't in our case then: to please both is to please one—Elizabeth."

"Well, my idea," she said, "is that Mr. Wright is old enough to be sensible."

"You always were an optimist, Mrs. Veralour."

"So if he only realised that Ella liked somebody else he'd—he'd—"

"Throw his hand in?"

"Tactfully withdraw," said Mrs. Veralour.

"Point is, how's he going to realise it?"

"Well——" Mrs. Veralour hesitated. "If he were told. . . ."

"Just so, if he were told. The only thing is, you'll never find anybody impertinent enough to tell him."

"There's me," said Mrs. Veralour.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "you had slipped my mind for the moment. There's you, as you say."

"Or perhaps I ought to have said us."

"Of course, us," cried Elizabeth.

"Of course, us," I said bitterly.

"I don't mean tell him in so many words, naturally."

"Whichever way you choose," I said cheerlessly, "will be the worst. I don't see why the girl can't tell him herself;

seems to me it would come better from her than from three comparative strangers."

"Oh, but I shall put it to him as a hypothetical case, so that he won't guess till afterwards who we meant."

"And yet," I said parenthetically, "to look at him you'd think he was almost a bright sort of man."

Mrs. Veralour frowned.

"We can ask him a simple question," suggested Elizabeth brightly. "Should a girl marry a man old enough to be her father when she's in love with another man?"

"Suppose he says yes?"

"Oh, but he won't," said Mrs. Veralour. "Haven't I told you that I think he's a very nice man at heart?"

"Only his heart is in the wrong place. Is that it?"

I rose to my feet, and lighting a cigarette, I strolled towards the door.

"I've heard a good many of your schemes Mrs. Veralour," I said, "and up to now I'd always thought them the rottenest that even you could think of; but now——"

"But now——?" said Mrs. Veralour exultantly.

"But now," I said, as I opened the door, "I've lived and learnt."

The next afternoon, acting on instructions, I lounged into the library, and finding Mr. Wright alone, I stamped twice on the floor.

He glanced up in some surprise when I did this. His surprise deepened when the door opened and Elizabeth stole nervously in.

"Is Mrs. Veralour here?" she asked, though the only place she could have been without being seen was under the table.

"No," I said, "you know very well she isn't. She's coming last, to make sure we're both here."

Mr. Wright rose to his feet, and for a moment or so we all stood staring apprehensively at each other.

As, with an incoherent apology, he started edging towards the door, Mrs. Veralour entered.

"Can you spare me a moment?" she said brightly. "I particularly wanted to see you alone."

"Alone?" he said, gazing over to where Elizabeth and I were forming a small crowd in the corner.

"I mean when Ella wasn't with you," she said, slightly losing her head.

For a moment he appeared confused, and then he flushed—very creditably for a man of his years.

"Oh, thank you!" he said. "I take it you are being kind enough to congratulate me. Foolish enough, we had been hoping nobody would discover our little secret just at present, forgetting that onlookers see most of the game. We wanted to be sure how Ella would take it. I think she likes me a little."

"Liking," said Mrs. Veralour severely, "is not love."

"As to that. . . . So long as she does not actively object to me as a stepfather. . . . Thanks again for your congratulations."

"Well!" said Elizabeth blankly, as he left the room.

"Where are you going to?" demanded Mrs. Veralour, as I made towards the door.

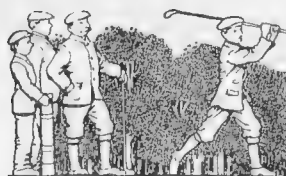
"Going to ask young Marsden to give me my racquet back," I said angrily; "it was mere wanton destructiveness."

THE END.



List to the Saga,
The Saga of Umps,
He of the wicked notes,
Hight also Tear-the-Tune,
Hear how he blew the blast
Dreadful discordant,
Frightening the Bandersnatch,
He of the 'orny 'and,
With whiskers abounding—

Frightened him so that he,
With pains in his Panteree
And rudder adroop,
Slunk with a slunky slink
Back to his Tiddlerwink
And gave up the Bogle.
Thus ends the Saga,
The Saga of Umps,
Darling of Discords and Tooter of Trumps.

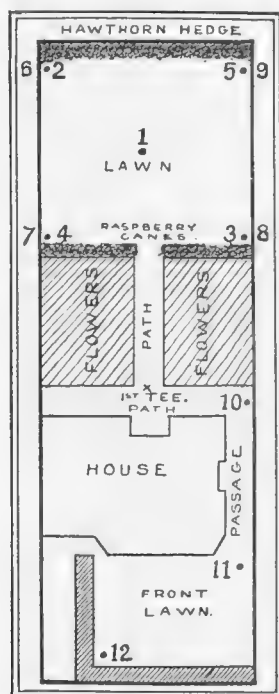


ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Keeping Up the Form.

It is happening once again that attention is being given to that queer question of home training for the golfer, and some of the papers which have no proper sympathy with the game, or, having it, think this home training may very well be made a subject for laughter, have made caricatures of men practising golfing shots indoors in all sorts of ways. As one who has laughed on these occasions, I confess that sometimes there seems something a little odd in the desperate seriousness with which the golfer considers his game when he is not able to play it; but still we all know its great importance and the vital necessity of practice and of keeping the golfing muscles in order, and so there it is. The indoor practice must be done by the serious golfer or his game will languish. They do it on a very fine scale in America in the winter-time, outdoor play there being commonly suspended altogether during the severe months. They have indoor courses, laid out in miniature, with some fancy system by which a man is enabled to play with all his clubs or most of them, and play a full round of eighteen holes against another man, or try to break the record in a stroke competition. I have not golfed on one of these indoor courses, but it is in this way that they have been described to me by those who have. I believe that the best is somewhere in the Chicago district, and that it flourishes; and it will not be long before we have something of the kind in Britain. I anticipate a championship at Olympia.



WHY NOT HAVE YOUR OWN 12-HOLES AT HOME? GOLF IN THE GARDEN—A COURSE.

A correspondent writes: "There is capital fun to be had out of a golf course in the garden. Considerations of space naturally preclude the use of the driver, but with a putter matches can be played in the orthodox way by singles, threesomes, and foursomes. And by making good use of one's spare half-hours it is remarkable to what an extent one can improve one's putting. The holes are best made by sinking flower-pots into the grass, and the greater the number of hazards—in the shape of flower-beds, hedges, trees, and paths—the more exciting the play and the greater the skill required. Any ordinary garden is readily adaptable, as is obvious from the plan reproduced, which is of the usual rectangular type of suburban 'back-yard.' Here good use has been made of the side-passage in order to provide two extra holes on the front lawn. The order of the holes is indicated by the numbers on the plan."

and the muscles of his back, shoulders, and waist. If he can keep these in order during a non-playing period he will have a good chance of playing his proper game as soon as he goes back to it. One of the simplest exercises in the world is the very best at such a time, and it is that of squeezing something in the hands as tightly as possible so that the muscles of the wrist start up, then relaxing for a moment and squeezing again, the process to be repeated until tired. A similar squeezing and straining of the wrist-muscles takes place when the player is just swinging his club on to the ball in real play. It seems very simple, but the man who tries it should be sure to make a big strain upon himself, and he will be surprised at the result. To keep a club in your room and swing it as much as possible is old advice,

but as good as it is old. The warning has once again to be uttered, to do that swinging very correctly, with the most punctilious regard for accuracy of movements and of timing, otherwise faults and habits will be created which will be reproduced on the links. Then there is great virtue in some of the Swedish drill exercises, such as that of lying near the floor, face down, the body being supported on the toes and the palms of the hands and being raised and lowered several times merely by the bending of the arms at the elbows.

A System that Succeeded.

I heard a little while since of an interesting and highly effective course of indoor golf-training that was gone through with a very special object. One who is known to me happened to be so situated that golf to him for a whole month was quite impossible, but at the end of that month he had a match to play of an extremely important character, one which, for reasons there is no necessity to explain, he would have given much money rather than lose. This man set about his indoor training on the most thorough lines. He did all the exercises that I have mentioned, and many others, and he practised swings continually with many clubs, and pitched balls with some force against walls from fibre mats. He was being properly dieted and medicined all the time, but, as he explained to me afterwards, one of the most important features of his system was the massage that he underwent. Also he came by a good idea upon which I have pondered since. He says he decided that club-swinging was bad for a man if there were nothing to hit at, that the jar on the wrists was lost, and that no effort had to be made to follow through when effort there should be, and has to be, when a



LORD HALDANE'S "SECOND IN COMMAND" AS GOLFER: COLONEL SEELY ON THE ROYAL ISLE OF WIGHT COURSE.

Colonel Seely has been Under-Secretary of State for War since last year. In 1900 and 1901 he saw active service in South Africa, serving with the Imperial Yeomanry and winning mention in despatches, the Queen's medal with five clasps, and the D.S.O. For six years he was M.P. for the Isle of Wight, and he has a residence there—Brooke House.

Photograph by Mullins.

ball is there. To drive at a ball with a driver was impracticable in the circumstances; a paper ball would not offer enough resistance, and so this genius, after much thought and experiment, decided that the proper thing to hit at was a very tiny, soft cushion, such as might be used for a baby to sit upon. You can just follow through this thing and finish the stroke off nicely, so he said. But one cushion will not last very long. The man played quite well when he got loose again, and he won his match.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE GENTLE ART OF DISCARDING HUSBANDS.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

YOU have in England an elegant, expressive, apt, sly, and altogether deliciously English verb—to drop. I don't mean to drop things—that, unlike other expensive habits, does not pay, and affords no pleasure—I mean, to drop people. We don't drop people in France, we "let go," or we "sow" them. The first suggests a sort of tug-of-war, in which the dropped ones are victorious; the second gives you an erroneous idea that, instead of effecting a riddance, you actually want your *bêtes noires* to increase and multiply; and both expressions, besides being not at all good fits, would send into—I was almost walking into an execrable pun—convulsions our forty Immortals.



FORMERLY MRS. MARGARET EMERSON MCKIM;
MRS. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT.

It will be remembered that the marriage of Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Margaret Emerson McKim, daughter of Captain J. E. Emerson, of Baltimore, and prominent in Newport Society, took place very quietly before the Registrar at Reigate at the end of last year. Mr. Vanderbilt is the second son of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt sen., and was born in 1877. His father is reputed to have left him about £7,000,000.

Photograph by G. Grantham Bain.

raise, humiliate, kill yourself; but, whatever you do to yourself, it's a hard, sharp, tooth-and-nail fight against the odds of consciousness and the ends of illusion. You can't just open your palm, and, presto! no more of that troublesome Ego, gone, flown, vanished—dropped. And that three quarters and a half part of you, according to the law, I mean your husband, how is one—you will notice gratefully, I hope, that I have substituted *one for you*—how is one to drop him, should one long to do so? Husbands are almost undroppable—I say almost, because some wives have done it, like Kate in "The Twelve-Pound Look"; or almost done it, like Bella Donna. But not all discontented wives have a natural talent for typewriting and private chemistry. Typewriting for a living requires an almost superwoman courage. Poisoning is, of course, much easier, but it's frightfully expensive in England, and for that reason, perhaps, not very much practised, though much more than is known. Typewriting is a slippery path for a young and pretty woman. It is true, however, that one becomes very soon old and plain at typewriting. Close and prolonged contact with a machine makes you lose your humanity.

To an independent woman an employer, whether boss or husband, is equally galling, but a husband assures her an old-age pension. Is that why so many discontented wives do not drop their husbands? Bella Donna and Kate Sims are both extreme and rather unwise cases, and the latter is the least logical. She is delightful because she happens to be Barrie's child. She is clever because she taught herself typewriting, and used *all* her fingers at

it, not only her two indexes! But, as a pretty woman, she forgot what was due to others. She did not even marry again! And then, if you must run away with a typewriting machine, don't run away alone; no one will believe it, and those who do (in spite of what I have said) will accuse you of trying to be original—besides, who will carry that typewriting machine for you?

When mothers will have learned to be frank with themselves and with their daughters, there will not be so often seen the wistful Twelve-Pound Look on wives' faces. Women will be as clearly classified socially as they are by nature—the parasite and the capable. The better subject from the racial, natural, and æsthetic point of view is, of course, the parasite. At the age when men begin to earn their living, a girl should know whether she means and is fit to be a woman or a breadwinner. Whatever her future choice, her parents, unless they are guilty fools, should have endowed her with a profession or a trade, which she can follow or cast aside as pleases her or Fate. Some parents, no doubt, would be puzzled what to do with girls of no aptitude and of no talent, but there is still the music-hall stage and charing.

A woman with independence and a strong sense of humour should not marry. She would make a bad parasite. She had better go into business and forget her own. Let her tilt at the conjugal, doubtful, and undeserved benefits that would be visited upon her as a wife—let her tilt, but women's lances are as yet very brittle.

What an odd notion, to be sure, some women, chiefly English-women, have about a husband! They seem to think they should

choose a husband according to their own caprice. They marry to please themselves. They do not, when they marry, embrace a duty, or a profession—they marry *a man*. Extraordinary! I never heard that a fruit-tree ever considered its gardener as a man. Its business is to be straight and strong and bear fruit. As a gardener is necessary for that result, the wise fruit-tree puts up with the gardener, as it puts up with the prop, the rain, the scorching sun, the grafting, and the pruning. A rather unpleasant task is life, but the fruit-tree doesn't drop its gardener for all that. Of course, there are some fruit-trees which are also mighty independent.

They don't see why they should bear fruit that's borne but to be eaten. And I'll tell you the terrible fate that awaits these branches of philosophy. They are cut and made into walking-sticks, they knock against every stone in the road, the mud and the dust are their share.



IN A DRAGON DRESS: MISS ANTONIA PINCHING.

Miss Pinching is a niece of the Director-General of the Sanitary Department of Egypt, Surgeon-Major Sir Horace Henderson Pinching, K.C.M.G., son of the late C. J. Pinching, Esq., J.P., of Gravesend.

Photograph by Bassano.



The Promise of the Grand Prix.

The untoward and churlish German boycott notwithstanding, the Grand Prix race—or rather, races—in France promise to be great and signal successes—that is, if a plethora of entries go for anything. When it was made known that the Automobile Club of France required a minimum of thirty entries or there would be no race, it was thought the fate of the “G.P.” was thereby decided, and that the French Automobile Club had put the minimum at that figure to kill the race ere its birth. If that were so—and there are many on both sides of the Channel who hold to that opinion—then is the A.C. of France most bountifully sold, for by the last hour of the last day upon which entries were to be received cars had been inscribed for both events to the number of forty-eight, made up by twenty-two for the unlimited-power class and twenty-six for the three-litres class. Not the least satisfactory feature of all this is the fact that no fewer than fifteen names of British cars are found in the list.

The Fearful Wildfowl there May be.

In this fifteen are three Vauxhalls, three Arrol-Johnstons, four Sunbeams, two Singers, and three Calthorpes. It is stated in the French Press that, had the Committee of the A.C.F. decided to have the races run separately and not together, the entries for the three-litres class would have been still more numerous. Nor is it remarkable that some hesitation should be shown at the contemplation of the mix. No one at the moment can divine or imagine what fearful, unmanageable, perilous wildfowl the unlimited class may come to include. The maximum of

power as to the engine with the minimum of strength as to the chassis, in order to reduce weight, may produce fearful engines of destruction. It would, it seems, be sufficiently serious if the unlimiteds ran a course to themselves; but as they are to be let loose amidst a shoal of comparative small fry, the matter really presents a serious aspect. It is surprising that it has not still further reduced the entries of the smaller cars.

Aviation in 1911. Aviators are, on the whole, satisfied with the progress made by their art, if so it may be termed, during the past year. The year 1911 will at all events be remarkable in history as the year in which mechanically propelled flying machines were first used in actual warfare, and with results that augur well for their increased employment in the future. First blood is called to an American aviator who operated in connection with the late Mexican rebellion, while the sparse telegrams which filter through from the seat of war in North Africa testify to the success which has attended the reconnaissances made by the Italian flying men on service with General Canova's army. But France, who has led from the beginning, is making serious and most praiseworthy efforts to endow the French army with the most practised and the best equipped aeroplane force in the world. When we review the energy displayed herein by our good neighbours across the Channel, and in a somewhat lesser degree by Germany, we contemplate the

reprehensible supinuity of our own Government with something like despair.

Progress in Skill.

The aeroplane as a structure has not, perhaps, shown any very great advancement; the greatly desired quality of automatic stability is apparently still far to seek, but the improvement in the efficiency and durability of the aeroplane engine cannot be denied. In contemplating the progress of the past twelve months our interesting contemporary *Flight* is inclined to credit the major part of the advance to the men who fly the machines. Undoubtedly the aviator at the end of 1911 is a great deal more skilful as a pilot than his predecessor of a year ago, and it must be remembered that skill in the teacher ensures skill in the pupil. The long-distance record has been advanced to 460 miles, while the height record has reached the giddy altitude of 13,943 ft., or $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles + 247 yards. The year has also been remarkable for the hurried passing of an Aero Act which, if anything, is even sillier in its provisions than the Motor Act.



RIVALS OF THE ROAD: A TOWANDA HORSE SHOWS DISLIKE FOR HORSE-POWER.

Photograph by the Atlantic News Service.

Sweet Reasonableness. Oh, that every Town Council and County Council throughout the length and breadth of these realms might sit at the feet of the ædiles of Pwllheli and acquire merit! The action and resolve of this Welsh authority should be held up as a rich example, to be followed by their contemporaries in all the land. It must have been the proximity of that season which heralds peace on earth, goodwill to men, that moved the Pwllheli Town Council to the attitude they lately assumed in respect to a proposed ten-miles-an-hour limit over certain thoroughfares in

that town. In a letter addressed to the Royal Automobile Club, the Town Clerk writes: “The matter was discussed at considerable length by the Council, and, it having been stated that a good many motorists resented the proposal to fix a speed-limit as wholly unnecessary, and to some extent as indicating a reflection upon them, it was resolved to withdraw the application altogether, in the hope that this evidence of the goodwill of the Council may lead to the greater popularity of the district as a resort for motorists in the summer months.”

Go Gently in Pwllheli!

At the same time, the Council feel that there are many sharp corners in the town which render it necessary that a speed even below ten miles per hour should be observed in practice, and in view of this the Council have asked the R.A.C. to provide caution or danger-signals, which the Council will erect in suitable places. The R.A.C. state that, in conjunction with the North Wales Automobile Club, they will supply the notices, and they go on to express a wish, in which all considerate automobilists will join most piously and fervently, that motorists will appreciate the spirit in which the Town Council of Pwllheli have dealt with this matter, and will at all times exercise due care and consideration when driving through a town controlled by so broad-minded and progressive a Council. When holiday times come round again the watchword must be, Remember Pwllheli!



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Entries. If anything were needed to demonstrate that under contemporary circumstances owners of racehorses cannot be persuaded to enter three-year-olds in Spring Handicaps, it is to be found in the fact that only one horse of that age, Mr. Peeper, is nominated for the Lincolnshire Handicap; that none is in the Liverpool Cup, the Queen's Prize, nor the Newbury Cup; while the entries for the City and Suburban and the Jubilee Stakes include only seven of that age (three of them in the City and Suburban), in spite of the encouragement afforded owners by Mushroom's victory at Epsom last spring. Not one of the three in the City this year is anything like so good as Mushroom at the same period last year, they being Wise Symon, Lance Chest, and Sandwort; and the Jubilee quartet seem, at first blush, to be quite as moderate. Donnithorne

appears to be the best on paper, and he is not by any manner of means a good one. The expectation that Hornet's Beauty would be freely entered has been borne out. Much interest will centre in the handicappers' view of his merits now as compared with last autumn, and also in what sort of a horse he has developed into now that he is trained at Newmarket. He is, I should say, almost certain to run for one of the big Spring Handicaps, for being a gelding he can easily be got ready; indeed, he showed at Liverpool last March that he is a spring as well as a summer and autumn horse.

Lincoln Form. If the field for the Lincolnshire

than the rest, for later in the year he finished a long way astern of Long Set. His forward show on the Carholme, however, points a moral for the trainer who is enterprising enough to keep a horse on the move and to seize every opportunity during the recess of getting him fit. Dalnacrag also reversed the Lincoln running with Brandimintine later in the year, thus forming another link in the chain of argument I have just advanced on behalf of the latter. Dalnacrag also paid a tribute to the Lincoln form by winning the Liverpool Summer Cup. Other horses that ran in the Lincoln Handicap and subsequently did well were Eudorus, Falaise II., and Protestant Boy. Battle-Axe won several races, but not until he had descended into the selling class.



FORMERLY KNOWN AS MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD, THE GIBSON GIRL: THE HON. MRS. HENRY LYNDBURST BRUCE RIDING IN THE ROW.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Attendances. In spite of the oft-repeated statement that there is no money in National Hunt racing, a programme run under those rules will generally attract a good attendance, apart from those who are to be seen regularly on the racecourse. And in the event of fine weather, provided a meeting is handy for Londoners or the inhabitants of other big towns, the attendances are more than good. Not so many attend, probably, as in the summer, when flat racing can be enjoyed in sunshine, but the weather has to be very bad indeed to make much impression on the size of the crowd. Particularly is this noticeable with regard to the cheaper enclosures, which, it is no exaggeration to say, are mostly full. A recent day's racing was held to the accompaniment of sunshine and a balmy atmosphere reminiscent of late spring, and the consequence was that things were brisk all round. If one could guarantee such weather all through the National Hunt season I fancy we should not heat so much about there being no interest in the game. It is contended that racing under these rules is overdone, considering the comparatively small number of horses in training. If this be so—and appearances certainly favour the contention—it is probably due to the large increase in the number of fixtures granted in late years to the enclosed courses.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Windsor, To-day: Eton Hurdle, Cedrus; Mill Hurdle, Aviator; Datchet Steeplechase, Uncle Sam IV.; Suffolk Steeplechase, Razorbill. To-morrow: Castle Steeplechase, Sprinkle Me; Englefield Hurdle, Gallivant; Five Years' Steeplechase, Kilwilliam; Club Steeplechase; Bornalira. Hurst Park, Friday: Novices' Steeplechase, Andy White; Mole Hurdle, Decision; New Year Hurdle, Master Mine; Surbiton Steeplechase, Lord Rivers. Saturday: Open Steeplechase, King of the Scarlets; Novices' Hurdle, Aviator; Richmond Steeplechase, Washington; Weir Hurdle, Coiffeur; Middlesex Steeplechase, Master-at-Arms; January Hurdle, Tibet Chief.



ON A WIGGED HORSE! MME. TROUHANOWA AS THE NUN IN THE WORLD, IN "THE MIRACLE," AT OLYMPIA.

Not all the beautiful mane of the horse is real, it may be noted: part of it is a wig!—[Photograph by Record Press.]

Handicap this year is of the same class collectively as that of last year, it will be a bit above the average. In the light of what Spanish Prince did subsequently, it now seems remarkable how he came to be defeated; for he won the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park in a hack canter, and, later in the year, startled his owner a little, Mr. Sol Joel more, and the whole of the racing world most, by defeating Sunder over what was considered the latter's best course—namely, six furlongs. That performance made it appear that Spanish Prince was the fastest horse in training, but, although there appeared to be nothing fluky about the win, very few who saw it cared to accept it literally, and preferred to believe that Sunder must have been suffering in some way. Apart from Spanish Prince, the Lincolnshire form came out well in the Cambridgeshire, in which Long Set scored so easily, with his Lincolnshire conqueror Mercutio third. In the Lincoln, Mercutio had given Long Set 15 lb., and in the Cambridgeshire he failed in the attempt to concede 21 lb. Previous to that, Mercutio had defeated Mushroom and The Story over the Rowley Mile in uncompromising style. Brandimintine, who was second in the Lincolnshire last year, probably owed his position to the fact that he had done more work



AN ANCIENT LANDMARK IN DURHAM: THE WHITE HORSE PAINTED ON THE CLIFF.

Photograph by Illustrations' Bureau.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"The Miracle," at Olympia.

We in England are only just beginning to understand the psychology of a crowd, and how it can be used for theatrical purposes. In Germany, the thrilling potentialities of numbers of excited people has been recognised for many years past, but Professor Reinhardt is easily first in his artistic use of this priceless element in the playhouse. For the "crowd" on the stage—or in the arena—actually practise auto-suggestion on the crowd in the audience. It is easier to spread an idea quickly—to make it convincing—among a thousand people than among ten. The ten might apply their reason, the thousand simply catch the contagion in their vicinity. Professor Max Reinhardt is like a great, a heaven-born general; he is at his best when handling brigades of supers. One can picture him sitting on distant heights—like General Nogi in the Manchurian War—with a telephone and a notebook, directing the movements of army corps and smoking a cigarette with Oriental imperturbability. For the crowd scenes at Olympia are magnificent and unforgettable. We have all seen stage processions as good as these, and of pageants, lately, we have perhaps had a superfluity, but the like of the scene of the Inquisition, and of that of the pilgrims when the paralytic is "cured," have never been seen in London. The way, too, in which the audience is made to melt into, and become part of, the cathedral, and even the huge orchestra becomes a vision of joy and beauty, are alone worth going to Olympia to see.

The distinguished author of "Jean Christophe" has written a book about Tolstoy which is illuminating, and in it we learn, among other things, that the great Russian was in early life, on his own confession, a specimen of the Compleat Snob. As a young man about town, says Tolstoy, "I divided humanity into three classes: the 'correct,' or 'smart,' who were alone worthy of esteem; those who were not 'correct,' who deserved only contempt and hatred; and the people, the 'plebs,' who simply did not exist." This, of course, is a somewhat violent statement of a view which many young men hold in many European capitals—let alone New York and Washington. A genius like the author of "War and Peace" will, of course, pass through such a phase untouched, at bottom, and with his sympathies still alive. But how many men, educated, well born,

by external appearances. Dress, indeed, is a mania with most well-to-do Britons. An Englishman will take a furious and inexplicable dislike to another simply because he does not approve of the stranger's hat or considers his waistcoat inadequate to the occasion. From such pettinesses as these I think the women-folk may claim to be exempt, and that the Compleat Snob is always of the masculine sex.

The Psychology of Sales.

There is something in the very thought of a bargain, apparently, which appeals irresistibly to the feminine imagination, for one has yet to meet the masculine person who can get excited at the prospect of a "sale," unless it be one of pictures or works of art. If it were otherwise we should see the diverting spectacle of our men-folk twice a year hurrying off and jostling elbows in shops where they sell ties and pyjamas, and eagerly cheapening silk hats, boots, and umbrellas. Yet they do none of these things. They buy, like sensible persons, exactly what they want, at exactly the right time of year, and do not acquire June raiment in January, or fur-tippies in the dog-days for moths to devour. Yet I often wonder when and how the well-dressed man—let alone the dandy—makes up his mind on the subject of neckties, and the still more thrilling subject of fancy waistcoats. He must inevitably give his august attention at some time to these important things, and yet he never speaks of them. To most of us it is, somehow, unthinkable that the men we know should go shopping. I imagine they slip in furtively, at odd and unlikely hours, into those beautiful, dignified, serene little shops in Bond Street and Piccadilly which cater for their needs. Certainly you never meet one coming out, and some mystery surrounds their purchases, as well as those many visits to the tailor which must inevitably be made. In short, there is no scare, no hurry, no panic about their personal adornment. No man can help assuming a faintly "superior" smile when he sees you on your way to the shop of a thousand bargains, and I am not sure but what he is justified.



A CHARMING CHAPEAU.

The hat is in grey felt, trimmed with a crown of swan's down ending with swan's wings. The collar is of ermine and lace, fastened at the side with a knot of black velvet.



TWO DAINY TOILETTES-DE-VISITE.

The dress on the left is of blue silk printed muslin, with a wreath of small roses round the collar; the other is an evening dress in gold mouseline-de-soie on a pale-green foundation, embroidered with Japanese flowers.

even cultured, never get rid of this ridiculous attitude towards the great multitude of their contemporaries, and remain snobs to the end of their lives. It is a curious fact that women are less apt to be snobbish than men; moreover, they are less influenced

On the Marauding Female.

Miss May Sinclair has an ironic humour all her own, and she has made good use of it in her recent study—called, "Between the Lines"—of the ruthless female in search of a mate. This particular marauder wears the blameless uniform of a Hospital Matron, but is all the more dangerous on that account, seeing that the "gallery" is invariably impressed by a tight straw bonnet and impeccable starched cuffs. The official uniform, indeed, often has a hypnotising effect, and in this case the Blue-and-White caused a confirmed bachelor-man to take to his bed in a private ward for a "rest cure," there to be "willed" into a quasi-promise of marriage. The situation, indeed, is a terrifying one for the victim, who is first persuaded that he is ill, and then persuaded that he wants a wife—the latter being a commodity which he most emphatically doesn't. Fortunately, the gallant Colonel Lumby escapes in time, but at what a loss of dignity and self-respect Miss Sinclair's readers can imagine. In the end, to get rid of his Marauder, he has to invent a fictitious and hopeless attachment to an anonymous lady of his own imaginings, and we leave him more or less in love with this spectral creature, wondering if, after all, his selfish detachment from the wholesome domesticities has been the unqualified success which he thought it.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

THE MARKETS.

DURING the last week the Stock Exchange has settled down again to serious business, and although there is no outstanding feature of interest, there has been a considerable increase in activity, and a more cheerful feeling has prevailed.

After the stringency in the Money Market, which existed until the turn of the year, funds are now more than ample for the market's requirements, and day-to-day loans have been down to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while discount rates are also considerably lower. The Bank continues to acquire the bulk of the gold in the market, and, apart from rumours of heavy withdrawals for South America in the near future, the outlook here is distinctly favourable.

These facts, and the Sinking Fund announcements, have kept Consols very firm, although the price is only slightly higher on the week.

Foreign Bonds have been firm on the whole, but Nicaraguan 6 per cents at 82 show a fall of 9 points, caused, of course, by the default in the payment of interest. In this connection it is said that an agreement has been entered into by the Nicaraguan Government to raise a fresh loan, which would enable some arrangement to be made with the bondholders.

Although still dominated by the labour question, Home Rails have made a comparatively cheerful showing, and prices in many instances are higher, Central London Deferred being 6 points up at 57, while Great Western are now quoted at 122 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Americans have been irregular, and show no changes of note; but Foreign Rails have been, on the whole, a firm market. Leopoldinas have jumped 10 points to 77 on the semi-official statement that the Brazilian Government has guaranteed a certain minimum gross income for each kilometre of line. Mexicans have also improved on the political outlook, but Guayaquil bonds are down to 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ on reports of troubles in Ecuador. In spite of these aggravating delays, however, we still hold the opinion that the arrears on these bonds will be paid off before very long.

MINES AND MISCELLANEOUS.

With the exception of Diamonds and some Mexicans, Mines have been very dull. Kaffirs have been depressed by the reduction of the Langlaagte dividend and the statement of the Randfontein Central directors. Rhodesians have been weak, and Rhodesian Explorations have given way under hostile criticism of the amalgamation scheme.

In the Miscellaneous Market business has been on an extended scale, and Rubbers have been quite buoyant; the opinion seems to be gaining ground that the worst is now over in this market and, although nothing like a boom is to be expected (or desired) we think the revival will continue.

London General Omnibus stock has been less active than of late, but the rise has continued in spite of the increasing certainty of competition. Duff developments have advanced, and are still a popular "tip." Marconis have been a strong and active market, especially the Preference shares, which now stand at 21 $\frac{1}{2}$. The idea is apparently held in some quarters that they are shortly to be introduced on the Paris Bourse, at a price considerably higher than their present quotation.

THE NITRATE TRADE DURING 1911.

The figures of the nitrate trade for 1911 are now available, and although the increase in consumption is not as great as during the two preceding years, it is certainly quite satisfactory.

In the course of their report Messrs. William Montgomery state that the world's consumption amounted to 2,349,000 tons, an increase of 108,000 tons over 1910; while total shipments from South American ports were 106,000 tons higher at 2,406,000 tons. The production, however, only shows an increase of 58,000 tons.

Visible stocks are considerably larger at 1,047,000 tons, but the dry summer partly accounts for this, as it largely impeded transit to the interior of the continent, and the inland warehouses are, admittedly, very short of stock.

Prices showed a rising tendency right up to November, when 8s. per quintal was paid for prompt shipments, and 7s. 9d. for delivery in 1912. Since then, however, prices have declined to some extent, the rise in freights being partly responsible, and to-day's value is, roughly, 7s. 6d. per quintal.

With regard to the future, the general tone of the market is good, which could certainly not have been said at this time last year. The high price now ruling for beet sugar should help to increase the Continental demand for nitrate, and it seems probable that the American consumption will increase even faster than during 1911, when an increase of 49,000 tons, or 10 per cent., was shown.

Some new officina will be working in 1912, but the effect is hardly likely to be felt until the latter half of the year, while even then the output must be largely dependent on the labour supply. The increase in production is variously estimated at from one to four million quintals; but we think the actual result will approximate more nearly to the former than to the latter figure.

GENERAL CEYLON RUBBER AND TEA ESTATES.

As I mentioned favourably in my last note the shares of the *General Ceylon Rubber and Tea Estates*, and as I have not given any particulars regarding the Company before, it may interest your readers if I refer to it in more detail to-day. The Company has had rather a chequered past, having been formed in 1897 as an amalgamation of a number of somewhat indifferent tea-plantations in Ceylon. In 1904 it was reconstructed, and the whole future of the Company was changed by the inauguration of rubber-planting; but its modern history dates only from last March, when the whole of the Debentures outstanding were paid off by the issue of 41,062 new shares, which were eagerly taken at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, and by the same operation an additional £13,000 was provided for working capital. Thus, the whole issued capital is now £183,000, in £1 shares, and the Company is absolutely free of debt. For this capital the cultivated acreage is as follows—

Tea in bearing	5537 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres	(3436 interplanted with rubber)
Tea not in bearing	200 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	
Cocoa	122 "	(12 interplanted with rubber)
Rubber	1005 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	(71 interplanted with cocoa)

Total cultivated area .. 6865 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

At 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ this acreage is therefore priced in the market at under £100 per acre. It will be seen that the total acreage planted with rubber is no less than 4453 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres, which is rapidly coming into bearing. On the other hand, the yearly crop of tea is likely to decline as it becomes overshadowed by the rubber-trees in the acreage where rubber is interplanted among the tea-bushes. The crops of tea and rubber for 1910 and 1911 have been as follows—

Tea .. 1910 ..	2,794,127 lb.	Sold at 7.52d. Cost 5.73d.
" .. 1911 ..	2,586,000 lb.	
Rubber .. 1910 ..	88,312 lb.	
" .. 1911 ..	179,900 lb.	

It will be seen that the rubber crop for the past year was more than double that obtained in 1910, and this rapid expansion is likely to continue. With regard to the profit for 1911, this should show a considerable advance on the previous year's figures; the profit for 1910 was £43,959, and a dividend of 20 per cent. was paid. There has been a big advance in the price of tea of the quality sold by this Company during 1911, and the profit from tea is likely to be appreciably larger than in 1910, while the profit from rubber will also be rather larger, notwithstanding the lower price obtained. The additional capital will not involve a larger amount being required for payment of the same dividend, as Debenture interest, etc., will be saved. On the whole, it is likely that the dividend will be increased to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 25 per cent. for the year, of which 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has been paid, the balance being due in March. For the current year the profits should show a big expansion: assuming an output of only 300,000 lb. of rubber and a sale price of 4s. 6d., the profit from rubber alone should be £45,000, or 25 per cent. on the capital, to which has to be added the profit from tea and other products. The outlook is for the dividends to increase in the next year or two to 30 or 35 per cent., and the shares should be held for over £4.

P.S.—I should like to add Batu Caves and Bukit Kajang to the shares recommended a fortnight ago. Batu Caves should be held for £16, and Bukit Kajang should advance gradually to £4. *Saturday, Jan. 6, 1912.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

THISTLE.—Your Companies are all too new to pronounce an opinion upon. There are no data except the various prospectuses. None of them would suit us.

KORAH.—As to your list, it is highly speculative. We like No. 1 the best. No. 2 is a long way off the improvement necessary; No. 3 is a poor concern, and not promising, and the rest would not do for our money.

NEW YEAR.—We suggest (1) Leopoldina Terminal Debentures; (2) Chilean Northern Railway Guaranteed; (3) United of Havana Railway Preference; (4) San Paulo Railway Ordinary; (5) City of Pernambuco 5 per cent. Bonds.

TRIPOLI.—The Debentures have, of course, fallen with the shares, as the option rights become of less and less value. The wretched report just issued makes one doubt if the Debentures are secure. They were formerly considered a good investment, but, with option rights valueless and security not over good, our advice would be to sell.

W. L. L.—See last answer.

J. H.—The shares are fully paid, but there is no value in them. The assets are held by a receiver for Debenture-holders, and there is no chance of even the Debentures being paid in full.

A. H. W.—(1, 2, and 3) There is great distrust of Rhodesian things at present, but your three are about the pick of the basket. (4) The wretched report just issued makes us doubt if the shares are worth holding.

C. M. (Bulawayo).—We really do not know what Company you mean. If the British North Borneo Company, its address is 37, Threadneedle Street, and we have forwarded your letter there.

C. L. L. E.—We will inform "Q" of your suggestion.

ANXIOUS.—The Sheffield Loan is quite safe. You could send the money by post to the City Treasurer, and there is no need to employ a lawyer.

F. H. D.—Your letter has been answered.

BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH-WESTERN DEBENTURE ISSUE.—This Company is offering, through its bankers, one million 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Second Debenture stock (ranking *pari passu* with the existing two millions of the like stock), at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$. The line is operated and controlled by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company, whose full guarantee the stock carries both as to principal and interest. The annual sum required to meet the interest on the present issue is only £45,000, while the surplus revenue of the B.A. and Pacific Company, after providing for all fixed charges, was last year £821,413, so that the security for the stockholders is overwhelming. According to the prospectus, a fine harvest on the North-Western section is assured, for, although the wheat and linseed crops in the Buenos Ayres division have suffered from storms, the maize is in fine condition and there is a much larger area under cultivation than last year. Preference in allotment is to be given as to 50 per cent. of this issue to applicants who are holders of the existing stocks of this railway and the Ordinary stockholders of the B.A. and Pacific Company. The issue is a first-class one, and very suitable for those who want a fair rate of interest, coupled with as nearly absolute security as anyone can reasonably expect.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Ahead.

The year that is before us promises well socially. It has been observed that a season following on one of great State ceremonies is of remarkable brilliance. The enormous social machine moves once more freely, easily, and briskly. Those whose private entertaining last season was eclipsed in interest, abandoned from stress of public engage-



"DUM RECTUS SECURUS": A GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. H. J. BAMFORD ON HIS COMING OF AGE.

The inscription reads: "Presented by the staff and employés of Messrs. Bamford's to H. John Bamford, Esq., on his coming of age, Jan. 2, 1912." Messrs. Bamford are a well-known firm at Uttoxeter. The motto on the arms is "Dum rectus securus." The portraits are of Mr. John Bamford and the recipient. The casket was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.

do this, except as regarded four or five dinner-parties. Their Majesties' return next month will be the occasion of a great popular reception. The King will doubtless open Parliament in person, accompanied by the Queen. On the eve of the opening, receptions will be held, on the Government side, probably by Mrs. Asquith, and on that of the Opposition, most likely by the Marchioness of Londonderry, as the Marchioness of Lansdowne is in mourning for her son-in-law.

An Alleviation. To be deaf is to be denied all outer interest in life; there is but one worse thing—to be blind, and that is worse only because of the helplessness it involves. Excellent news for those afflicted with deafness is the invention of the "Auriphone," an electrical aid for the deaf. It has been given the Standard of Merit certificate by the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene, and has been tested at the largest of London ear-hospitals with most successful results. It is not necessary to speak close to the instrument, and nothing is inserted in the ear. The ear-piece is held in position for permanent use by a light head-band, for temporary use by a telescopic lorgnette-handle; it causes no discomfort to the wearer. The instrument is made in England, and by a no less celebrated company than the Ericsson, which has experience that cannot be surpassed by any firm in the world. It has therefore been introduced by Auriphones, Ltd., in conjunction with the Ericsson Telephone Making Company. It is made in three different grades to suit different degrees of deafness. A fifteen days' trial is offered at anyone's home, on a deposit of 25s. being made. The amount is returned if the instrument does not give fullest satisfaction, 2s. only being deducted to cover cost of packing, postage, and

the use of batteries. The trial can be obtained from any chemist, who will get the instrument from Messrs. Allen and Hanbury, Ltd., 48, Wigmore Street, W.

From Norrway Not a bride
o'er the Sea. for Jamie
o' Scotland,

but a savoury, silvery, sweet, wee fish—the Skipper Sardine, which we all love. It is not generally known that these piquant, delicious little fish were netted from motor-launches in the ice-cold waters of magnificent Norwegian Fjords. At Stavanger they are taken from the ice-boxes provided for the purpose in the launches, and transferred by skilled hands to salting-vats. After their brine-bath they are sorted and threaded on long wires, by picturesquely clad, fresh Norwegian girls, whence they go to the curing-room and are smoked from fires of oak-bark. After this, heads and tails having been removed, they are deftly packed in tins, which are filled up with purest olive-oil—best of fourteen grades; the top is then soldered on, and the tin is seen by us on our breakfast or luncheon-table. Cooks see them with joy, too, for they make salads and savouries such as gourmets enjoy. Few of us know the history of these favourite and very nourishing little fishes, of which so many millions are consumed all over the globe. It is quite an interesting little history.

Experience
Does It!

There is no profession to which this does not apply. When it comes to moulding and training the female form into its requisite up-to-dateness—far more important to its earthly owner than divinity—experience



THE FLOWER-GIRL IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS": MISS MOLLY FARRELL.

Miss Molly Farrell is at present appearing at the Prince of Wales's in Mr. Charles Hawtrey's revival of that popular play, "A Message from Mars," by Richard Ganthony.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



A "MAID OF JAPAN" AS A WINTER-SPORTSWOMAN IN SWITZERLAND: MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AND HER SISTER ROSALIE AT GRINDELWALD.

Miss Cicely Courtneidge, whose acting as Miyo Ko San in "The Mousmé," or, the Maids of Japan, has contributed so much to its success at the Shaftesbury, is here seen enjoying a well-earned holiday in Switzerland. With her sister Rosalie she is tasting the delights of winter sport at Grindelwald.

improve, and also render its owner's comfort complete by the perfection of fit. Every line and curve is studied, every good point made better and all weaknesses strengthened.

task. The London Corset Co., 28, New Bond Street, are experts, and, beyond that, are in a position to offer their clients the very latest productions of Paris in corsets simultaneously with their appearance in the French capital. A sale is now in progress at the Bond Street house, and the celebrated Tricot corset, which has found such favour with fashionable ladies, is reduced from 73s. 6d. to 67s. 6d. With articles of such unassailable quality, cut, and style, it is not possible, even at sale time, to quote sweeping reductions sometimes advertised, such as "All up-to-date corsets for 42s. a pair." Women who know them and love them are quite aware that the beautiful, long, handsome Tricots and the soft, rich crêpe-de-Chine corsets can never be supplied at such prices; they would not be what they are were it possible. In all the well-known models of the firm there are substantial reductions, and brocaded coutille pairs at 43s. will be found undoubted value; while black and fawn coutille pairs with blue spots, and including two pairs of suspenders, are obtainable during the sale very cheaply. There is also a great clearance being made of handmade and hand-embroidered lingerie blouses, which are all really well cut on the very smartest lines. These are so reduced as to constitute real bargains. In these, as in the corsets, figure is studied. A personal fitting is desired for corsets because the firm is one of experts knowing their business thoroughly, and there is literally no figure that they cannot

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Laura."

BY CAROLINE
GROSVENOR.

(Hennemann.)

The central figure of Mrs. Grosvenor's story, from whom the book is named, is a very careful and systematic study of a well-bred, ambitious, and capable girl. Laura was poor, impatient of poverty with a certain noble impatience, and bent on retrieving her fortunes by marriage. Mrs. Grosvenor represents her most convincingly as being willing to sacrifice to this end all the romance and generous impulses of her youth, and yet too innately fine to become blindly mean or unfair. The sentence transcribed from Robert Louis Stevenson on her title-page is sufficient indication of the *motif*: "They are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter." Laura's history is particularly significant, in that, well balanced as she was, it yet became a necessity, when the wealth and power came, to relinquish them in favour of those immaterial things which she had hitherto denied. This she did, not impetuously, but deliberately. Cynthia, though a slighter piece of work, is none the less remarkable, and the entire group of people evoked by Mrs. Grosvenor move and speak in the manner which is associated with the best times of English fiction—those of Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot and Thackeray.

"The Reason
Why."BY ELINOR GLYN.
(Duckworth.)

First and foremost there is Countess Zara Shuliki, of a beauty not indescribable, but for ever to be described; she had a lithe body of voluptuous curves, eyes that could be just great pools of ink, or slate-colour—strange, slumbrous, resentful eyes—perfect fingers, small arched feet, and skin like rich white velvet or a gardenia petal, whichever you please. These are but a few of her attractions. Then there is Tristram Lorrimer Guiscard Guiscard, twenty-fourth Baron Tancred, of Wrayth, in the county of Suffolk—young, a perfect picture of an English nobleman; "the marks of breeding in the creature showed as plainly as in a Derby winner." Thirdly, Francis Markrute, the mysterious, adventurous financier, holding Governments and peers in the hollow of his hand, inscrutable, powerful, courted and feared. This last gentleman causes the two former to be united in matrimony. And it was fortunate that Lord Tancred always liked dangerous games. How he played this one, its anguish and raptures, may be learned in "The Reason Why." Miss Glyn seems to have lost the rather witty devilry which went to the visits of Elizabeth. And she has entirely thrown over any restraint of expression. When one reaches a sentence like: "And the venom came to boiling-point in Laura's adder-gland," one can only feel that it might emanate from some literary "Follies" whose

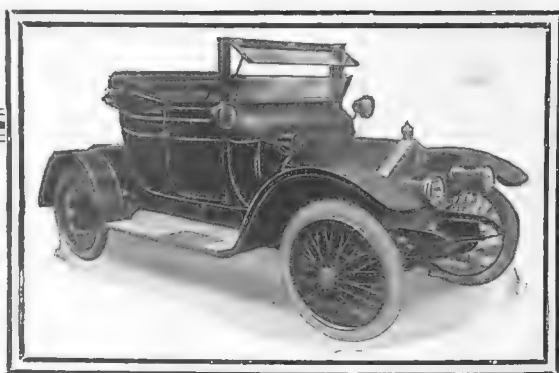
exuberance reaches the grotesque. Nothing has been said here about the colour of Zara's hair, for obvious reasons. Much is said about it, and frequently, during the course of her story.

Some twelve hundred guests were accommodated at the Piccadilly Hotel on New Year's Eve. An excellent dinner was served at nine o'clock, the structural charm of the hotel being enhanced by the decoration of the tables in pink and silver, with masses of violets on every table. At midnight the lights were turned down, four monster hearts, with a Cupid and "1912" in the centre, were illuminated, and over 10,000 bonbons were distributed. The ladies were each presented with a powder-puff-box, shaped like a mandoline, in silver; and the sterner sex received dainty silver cases for the reception of a miniature or small photograph. After the celebration of the New Year, a ball was held in the Georgian and Adams Rooms, and dancing continued until two o'clock in the morning.

Admirers of the art of Sir Henry Raeburn, and especially those who saw the Raeburn pictures recently on view at the French Gallery in Pall Mall—in the hundredth exhibition there held—will be glad to possess the album of the pictures exhibited, containing thirty beautiful reproductions in photogravure, which has been published by the proprietors of the gallery, Messrs. Wallis and Son. The album contains an article on Raeburn by Mr. James Greig, short biographical details about the subjects of the portraits, and some Press notices of the exhibition.

All who are interested, whether professionally or as investors, in the progress of industry should find much valuable information in "The Business Prospects Year-Book" for 1912, edited by Joseph Davies and C. P. Hailey, and published by the *Financial Times*. "For five years," we read in the preface, "the book has been written in the autumn, giving forecasts in the various markets in the following year, and each following year has proved the correctness of the forecasts." The markets dealt with comprise coal, iron, copper, tin, tinplates, oil, the money market, shipping, English rails, American rails, Argentine rails, wheat, cotton, rubber, hog products, and dairy produce.

"Willing" rhymes so conveniently with "shilling," which is the modest price of "Willing's Press Guide," that there is some temptation to compose a notice of that very useful little work of reference in verse. It would not, however, be possible to speak of "filling a long-felt want," because such a want has not been felt during the thirty-nine years of the book's existence. In mere prose, it may be said that "Willing's Press Guide," with its lists of British, foreign, and Colonial papers, and much other information, is one of the handiest volumes of its kind.



"Of
Gas
Engine
Fame"

"Of
Gas
Engine
Fame"

The strain imposed on a car in competitions is far in excess of that to which a car is subjected in ordinary work.

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C.D.C.

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Mauricewood, Milton Bridge, Midlothian, the residence of Captain McCance, where a "Simpitol" installation has recently been installed.

THE LIGHT THAT IS NEAREST DAYLIGHT
AND ALMOST AS CHEAP

C.D.C.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page IX.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with New Modes Specially Designed; A Lady Grand; Rulers of Prince's; The Mo-Sleigh; Miss Constance Drever in "Nightbirds"; The Duchess of Westminster as Scaramouche; The Roley-Poley; My Lady's Mirror; Tinker Bell Materialised; "Jane Wren" in "Peter Pan"; Mr. Martin Harvey in "Pelléas and Melisande."

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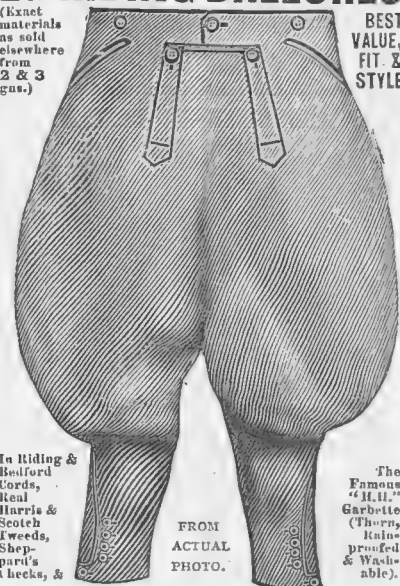
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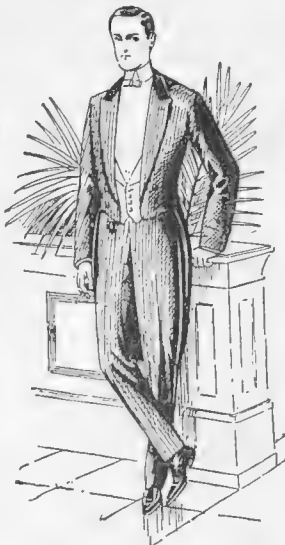
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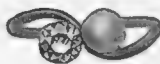
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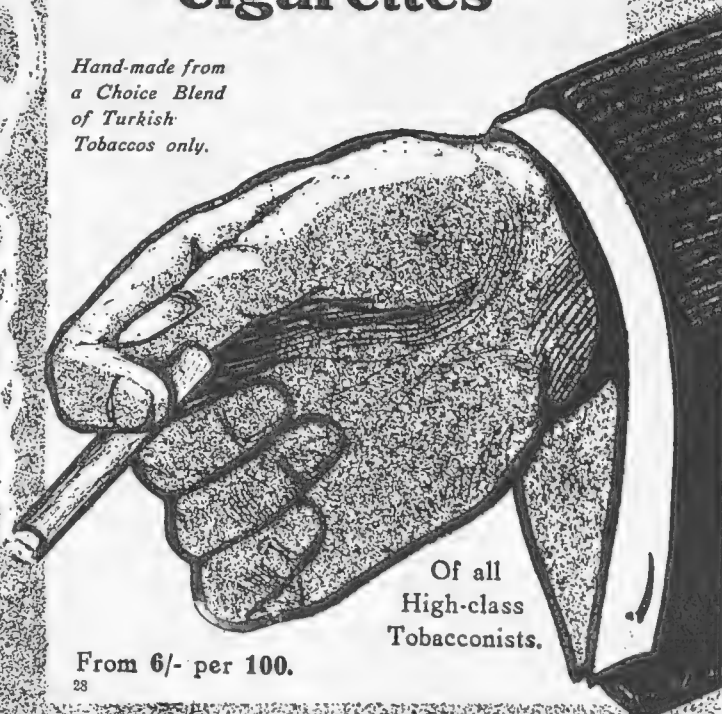
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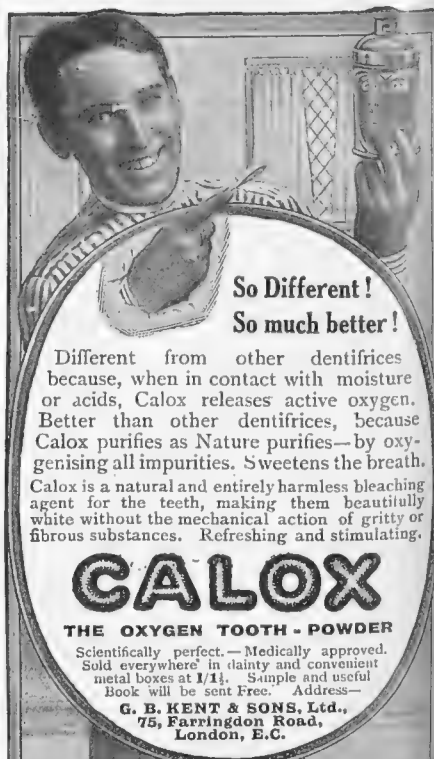
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The 'Fairy' Patent are the only Rimless eyeglasses giving absolute satisfaction, and the Public are warned against being persuaded to accept substitutes which are offered for the sake of extra profit. Insist upon having the genuine 'Fairy' and see that the name is clearly stated on invoice or receipt. Obtainable of all high-class Opticians—but insist upon having the 'Fairy.'

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Benger's Food can be enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It forms a delicate and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the elements necessary to maintain vigorous health, but entirely free from rough and indigestible particles, which often produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

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HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

After Pastes, Powders, Depilatories, Electricity, and various advertised preparations had failed.

A simple, easy method which any lady can use at Home, and quickly rid herself for ever of this humiliating affliction.

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I was deeply humiliated by superfluous hair which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result, I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all, it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of Ancient Rome had completely rid themselves of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind, I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and as the months slipped by, and not the slightest trace of the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that

I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered they tried the same method on their own skins with equally effective and permanent results. They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent society lady who used this method some time ago now says—

"Your treatment is marvellous because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white without a shadow of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am

so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair that I feel that I should give full particulars regarding the discovery to all sisters who need it. Merely enclose a penny stamp for reply, and I will send you particulars by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home without the knowledge of anyone. Address—KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459 M), 85, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.

NOTE.—The discovery of Mme. FIRMIN is unquestionably a marvellous blessing to all women suffering from this humiliating affliction, and we strongly advise readers to write at once for full information regarding her secret. Don't use this treatment near the scalp, eyebrows, or where you do not wish to have the hair permanently removed.

FREE COUPON

Issued to readers of "The Sketch" by Kathryn B. Firmin.

Cut out this Coupon to-day (or write and mention No. 459 M) and send, with your Name and Address, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, to KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459 M) 85, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W., for free information regarding her marvellous discovery for permanently and painlessly removing superfluous hair.

Name _____

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1/- Bottles

5/- per Gall.

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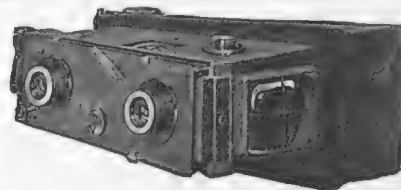
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The Verascope is so perfectly designed and so simple to work that in ten minutes even a child can learn to produce superb photographic pictures. For amateur photographers who have never seen the Verascope Camera and its fine pictorial work, we are now holding a special Exhibition, to which we invite everyone interested in photography.

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LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S
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Caps, as illustrated, in black-and-white checks and a variety of other materials, finest Angolas and Harris Tweeds. First-class workmanship and trimmings guaranteed. An assortment of patterns post free on application.

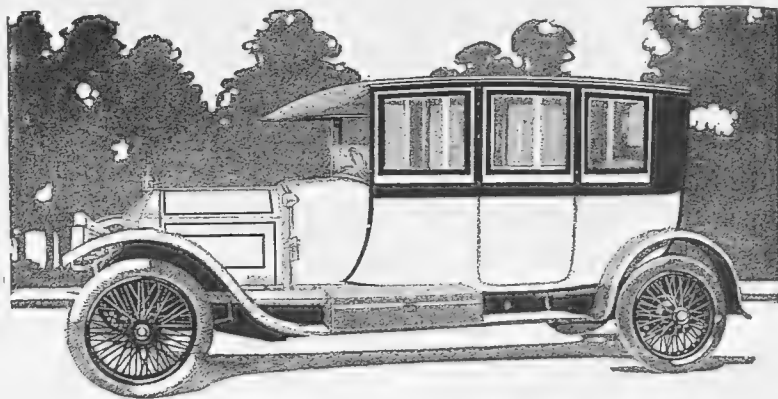


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Peerless in form and performance.
IN SPLENDID ISOLATION.

A man driving a Metallurgique from within a Van den Plas body is in splendid isolation. Only the arrival of a second Metallurgique gives him a peer. His superior NEVER arrives. By common consent the Metallurgique connotes car culture. Coachwork connoisseurs will always affirm that Van den Plas bodies are far in front of all their contemporaries. A man who rides within a Van den Plas body has therefore the certain assurance that for grace of design, luxurious fitting, and splendid finish, coupled with sturdy strength, this carriage stands for *le dernier cri*.

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But a beautiful body is merely incongruous without mechanical efficiency, and a chassis that conforms to the conditions of the artistic automobile. The Metallurgique chassis has an extra long wheel-base upon which the coachwork can be mounted without sacrifice of delicate design. From the distinctive (and registered) V-shaped radiator, the line of the carriage runs back in perfect symmetry.

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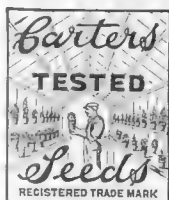
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Signature.....

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Face Powder

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This Powder beautifies and improves the complexion, and is practically invisible.
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is her crowning beauty and the climax of all that goes to make her Lovely, Radiant and Magnetic, toning down irregularities and giving shape and poise to the head.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Improves the texture and promotes the growth of the hair, nourishes and invigorates it: its regular use insures a wealth of soft, silky hair; is prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair and for Children's Hair; sizes 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 and 21/-, of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers and

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Pretty Child's*

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Master
Stanley
Harris,
of
Bristol.



MRS. D. HARRIS, who lives at 18, St. John's Sq., Bedminster, Bristol, said to a Bristol reporter:—"When Stanley was just eight months old, a lot of mattery-looking pimples sprang up on his head. These burst, and the discharge, running down his face, caused other sores to form until Stanley's little head and face were almost covered with wet, mattery eruptions. The doctor's ointments utterly failed to check the disease. Poor Stanley did nothing but scratch his skin, and in time he made himself an awful sight.

"There seemed no hope of the eczema ever being cleared away, and the disease held him in its grip for over two years. However, Zam-Buk was so strongly recommended that I decided to give it a trial. It brought splendid results. First Zam-Buk soothed the itching, and then drew out the soreness and inflammation. Stanley was thus able to rest and get sound sleep.

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THE "SPORT SHIRT,"

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100 pair Fine Light make	- 24/6
150 pair very Fine	- 27/6
145 pair Extra Strong and Fine	- 47/9
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114 pair Excellent Wearing	38/9

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180 pair Medium Quality	- 32/6
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TO BE CLEARED AT

100 doz. 20 by 30 in. Very Strong, Plain	1/10 each
80 " 22 by 32 " " " Plain	2/- "
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40 " 20 by 30 " Fine and light, Plain	2/4 "
80 " 20 by 30 " Medium quality, Hemstitched	2/11 "
160 " 20 by 30 " Strong medium quality, Hemstitched	3/3	..	"
50 " 22 by 32 " Medium quality, Hemstitched	3/3	..	"
60 " 22 by 32 " Strong medium quality, Hemstitched	3/9	..	"
100 " 22 by 32 " Excellent wearing qual. Hemstitched	4/-	..	"

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From Page 17 in Sale List.

72 Fine Double Damask Table Cloths.

2½ by 2½ yards, Reduced to 9/9 each; Originally, 14/9 each.

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In Spot, Primrose, and Shamrock Designs.

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Three Designs: Empire Wreath, Shamrock Stripe, Shamrock Sprays.

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Double Damask Table Cloths. LARGE CHOICE IN DESIGNS.



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Fine Double Damask.

Cloths.	
2 by 2 yards ...	10/6 each
2 " 2½ " ...	13/3 "
2 " 3 " ...	15/9 "
2½ " 2½ " ...	17/- "
2½ " 3 " ...	20/6 "
2½ " 3½ " ...	23/9 "
2½ " 4 " ...	27/- "

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Ribbon and Lily of the Valley, Strong and Fine Double Damask. Cloths.	
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2 " 3 " ...	14/9 "
2½ " 2½ " ...	15/9 "
2½ " 3 " ...	19/- "
2½ " 3½ " ...	22/- "

Napkins, Dinner Size,
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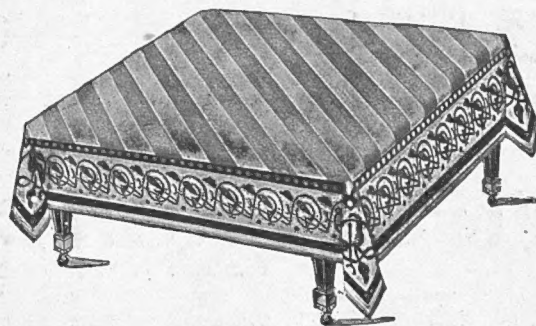


No. 96.
Celtic Scroll.

Diagonal or Straight Stripe.

Cloths.	
2 by 2 yards ...	19/3 each
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2 " 3 " ...	28/6 "
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2½ " 3 " ...	38/6 "
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE
MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

**PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS
REMOVED FOR EVER.**

Let this woman send you free everything she
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This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvellous, simple method which brought about a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

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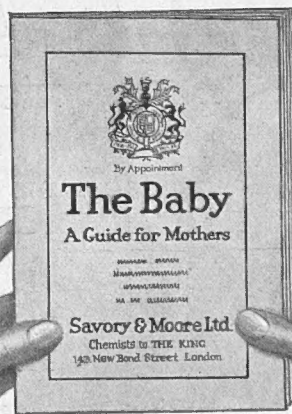
You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face, and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

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Simply enclose id. stamp and address your letter to EVELYN ELLISON, Dept. 233, Evelyn House, Oxford Street, London, W., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls and women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.



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Reliability and Moderate Prices.

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Merlin Chairs,

Comfortable,
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CONTAIN NO OPIUM.

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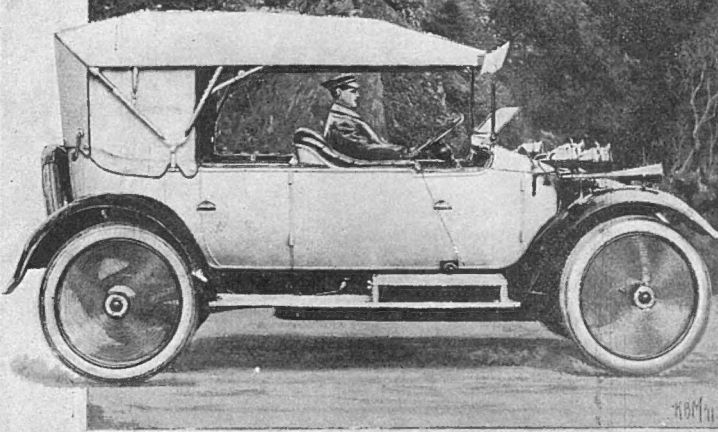
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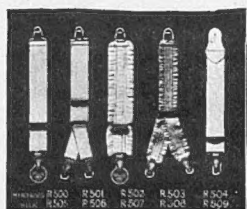
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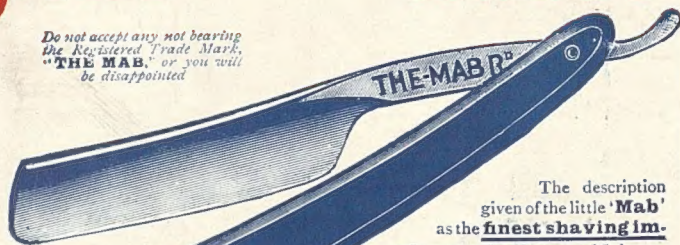


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